

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General.

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, at a luncheon given by Lloyds, in reply to a toast said that the marine insurers in Britain do a great injustice in making a discrimination against Canadian waterways. "Canada," he said, "was determined that her products should find markets through British ports," and in order to facilitate this proposition he desired a committee of Lloyds to meet the Canadian Ministers under circumstances where the whole business of insurance could be gone into. Sir William Mulock's attempt to save our Canadian waterways from the foolish and irresponsible discrimination under which they suffer, seems to me to be the best effort made by any public man during the present Coronation ebullition. The Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is talking earnestly but somewhat vaguely about a fast Atlantic line to Canada. This may develop later on into something of importance to this country; but the direct demand of the Postmaster-General that Lloyds, who control the insurance, should meet the Canadian Government and either justify or prevent the discrimination against the St. Lawrence route, is something upon which we can count as a benefit.

CONSIDERABLE is being said about the insufficiency of the salary connected with the Premiership of Canada. I have not noticed that anyone has distinctly stated the price we pay for the services of a Premier, but the blue books supply some interesting details: The Premier receives \$8,000 per annum, and sessional allowance as a Member of Parliament of \$1,500. In addition he is voted travelling expenses and cab-hire. In 1900-1901, for instance, he was paid, according to the public accounts, \$310.42 travelling expenses and \$79.75 cab-hire. All told, therefore, he gets in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars per annum. In addition to this his private secretary, Mr. Rodolphe Boudreau, receives as assistant clerk of the Privy Council \$1,850, and as private secretary to the Premier \$200, besides travelling expenses, which in 1900-1901 amounted to \$862.40, rather a startling sum, I should say, compared with the \$300 odd drawn by the Premier on travelling account. Adding the sums drawn by the private secretary to those charged to Sir Wilfrid, it is found that the country pays out something like \$13,000 per annum.

This looks to be a considerable amount, but in view of the resignation of Lord Hopetoun from the Governor-Generalship of Australia owing to the insufficiency of a salary of \$50,000 a year, we may well question ourselves as to the advisability of putting our Premier on boarding-house rations while contractors and politicians and all sorts of promoters are simply aching for an opportunity to place him in a palace. There are many people who think that a preacher who gets a salary of \$5,000 a year is getting too much. I have had much to do with criticizing the administration of churches and the devoutness of parsons, but I have never been discovered in the act of condemning those who pay clergymen too much. The modern minister of the Gospel has so many calls upon him and must show his charity or else apparently fail in his calling, that a small stipend in a large church is simply disgraceful, not alone to the pastor, but to the people. So it seems to me that it is a small stipend for the chief administrator of the affairs of a country. It is not only disgraceful, but dangerous. We have had in the past to raise funds to provide for those left in poverty by Premiers. This should not be so. The fear of poverty is the controlling impulse and doubtless the controlling weakness of the majority of men, and this should be removed from those who are so tortured by conflicting propositions and antagonistic factions and contradictory elements that they are likely to turn to the most profitable proposition that at least the pang of fear shall be allayed whether justice be done or not.

We pay £10,000 a year to our Governor-General and provide him with a residence and all sorts of flubdubbery, but the Premier has to provide himself or live unflubbed. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year would not be too much for the Premier, and the Canadian Parliament has expressed itself, both unofficially and through the press, regardless of party affiliations, of its belief that we are shabbily treating those who reach the greatest prize in the whole range of Canadian sentiment, politics and achievement.

TALKING about matters of national concern as well as private interest, we come naturally upon the contention, made possibly without understanding the circumstances, by book publishers, that the product of their presses shall be carried in Canada at less than cost. Of course such a proposition is too preposterous to discuss. Nobody has a right to have his business carried on at public expense. The claim that the business is educational, tends to good citizenship and to a greater possibility of achievement, is mere bung-water. It is with the greatest difficulty that the Post-Office Department can decide what newspapers ought to be carried free—it is a proposition they should never have to undertake, for no newspaper should be carried free. The moment you open the door to a free distribution either by postal car, express car or freight, of any article, every shipper endeavors to have his output loaded into the van labelled FREE. The publishers of legitimate newspapers in Canada have, I have contended for years, made the mistake of their lives in asking that their output be transported by the Post-Office authorities without charge. They have simply opened the door to fake newspapers, which are nothing but catalogues and which are the greatest competitors of legitimate newspaper enterprises. This paper has never taken advantage of any of the "free zone" or any other fake privileges which one-horse newspaper organizations have succeeded in obtaining. In order to conscientiously and without reproach protest against all this fool business, "Saturday Night" has paid the price and has been a large contributor to the postal department. The book publisher who wants to ride on a pass and to pay four times the value of his transportation in being bumped around and being charged for extras, is welcome to the exercise of being a privileged citizen; the newspaper publisher who is anxious to have his nose held up against the grindstone or the spout, can best prepare himself for the operation by asking for something which he apparently gets for nothing. Nobody gets anything for nothing. The man who tries to get something for nothing gets it in the neck. This ambition to acquire wealth without giving a return is the basis of all the gold brick swindles, the green goods jobs, and those tin-horse gambler transactions which are carried on amongst those who are not sure that they can support themselves. The whole business of clamoring for special privileges was invented by the whistling Peter who designed three-card-monte. Up to a certain point this allegation applies to class tariff legislation, but the fact must adhere to the understanding mind that this sort of thing can be done in reprisal as well as in speculation.

AN effort has been made to raise the price of bread in order that the bakers may make more money. I quite sympathize with any class of the community that desires to have its emoluments increased, but why bread should be raised from eight to ten cents a loaf while the price of the material out of which it is made has practically remained unchanged

is a conundrum which nobody but a labor philosopher can solve. That the bakers are not making as much money as they might must be admitted. That their effort to make money by raising the price of their output from eight to ten cents a loaf is just, cannot be admitted by the most optimistic of those who consider that the ox should not be muzzled who treads out the corn. Just as soon as the conuning and commercial community discovers that everybody is trying to do everybody else up and is anxious to overcharge the consumer, exactly then the crack will be heard which will mean the doom of good times. That those who produce have learned the lesson that their article is not only worth what it costs with a reasonable profit added, but must be charged for at an exorbitant rate, is significant of a false idea of prices which must result in the return to a different method of making charges. Everything is going up in price; everybody expects more than he expected before. The producer of the article is receiving no marked advance, but the middleman is demanding extraordinary advances which cannot possibly result in anything but a rejection of the whole scale and a return to what was charged in what were known as worse times than we are now enjoying.

READERS of "Things in General" who are owners of plots in Mount Pleasant cemetery, will recall the paragraph which appeared two weeks ago, recounting the details of a dispute between a lot-owner and the Burying Grounds Trust over the right of the former to a supply of water for sprinkling the grass in his plot. As the matter stood when I dealt with it, the lot-owner had notified the trustees of his intention to attach a hose and use water without their permission. This week I have received the

which have somehow concluded that they are unselfish and are fighting a conspiracy of capital which has for its aim the detriment of workingmen.

The organization under criticism amongst many other things decided that it would not establish a home for old and disabled moul'ders. This particular impulse of what is presumed to be a beneficent body is significant. As I have frequently pointed out, labor unions are irresponsible bodies. They seek for legislation to make the employer responsible for everything. They are unwilling to be responsible for anything, even the care of their aged and financially incompetent members. With a cheerfulness which is utterly at variance with the demands they make, they leave the general public to take care of their old and incapable members while they make a fight for those who are able to fight. Nothing has indicated the thoroughly irresponsible nature of unionism more than the throwing down by the unions of those who are incapable of making a livelihood. Unionism, in order to be successful, must demonstrate a philanthropy which is not shown by the action of any organization which has yet given evidence of its existence. As far as we have been able to see it, unionism simply means the getting of better wages, even if riots and a general disturbance of the public business are involved. Unionism, to be successful, must show that it is a combination of workingmen in favor of skilled labor and having as one of its projects the responsibility of workingmen, not only to the employer, but to one another. The convention which has just dissolved has shown that it is a combination for no other purpose than the holding up of the man who controls the pay-sheet in the business office. Members may grow old and perish by the wayside; it is no concern of the union, though the unionist who is on strike

in the service with the regard of the general public. This is a poor compensation to those who are individually losers, though it may be an extremely good thing to impress those who are in the service. Grand funerals, to me, seem but little better than pagan obsequies which have regard only to how they may impress those who are to follow rather than to compensate those for whom all following is past.

THE resignation of Lord Salisbury from the Premiership of Great Britain has scarcely created a ripple in either political or diplomatic circles. The retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, has stiffened and widened the ears of the commercial world, which is ever listening for some whisper in the tops of the mulberry bushes as to the going or coming of a new commercial policy. Anticipating the Coronation Conference of the colonial Premiers, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had considerable to say with regard to the impossibility of a British tariff preference for the colonies as opposed to the alien world, which is continually at war with Great Britain either in a diplomatic or fiscal way. The retirement of Sir Michael must impress Canada as significant of a new order of things within the British Empire. That he and the ponderous Lord Salisbury have disappeared, leaving Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain, two alert and polished statesmen of the newer school, in charge, means that heavy and discredited fiscal theories and policies are to give way to modern adaptations of the "what we have will hold" rule. This is of intense interest to Canada, but in advance of such results as we may hope from the conference of Premiers with the Home authorities it would be unwise to enter into details or insist upon specifications.

EX-PRIMER GREENWAY of Manitoba, whose sphinx-like reticence and ponderous movements led not only the people of his province but those of Canada in general to believe him to be a statesman devoid of the power of expression, has recently been uttering his opinion with regard to what our far West thinks of the tariff. He believes that the West is developing so rapidly, not only in population but in local interests, that the fiscal interests of the East will either be disregarded or overthrown by the whiskered and aggressive farmers who are settling on the prairies. It is pleasant to hear our woolly Western friends, to whom the pockets of the East have been everlastingly open, telling us that now that they are able to go about and feed themselves and have roofs over their heads they propose to disregard to a greater or less extent the interests of the older part of Canada, which has been generous, even to the verge of folly, in trying to develop interests which were expected to contribute to the prosperity of the whole country. Eastern Canada would not have expended the millions for which it has been taxed for the development of Western Canada if it had not been expected that the newer regions would develop something but grain and hogs and a hogish instinct. Mr. Greenway has evidently fallen into the new phase of parish politics which for the moment is dominating the West. Tens of thousands of farmers from the United States are settling upon our land, which has been yearning for occupants, and these people are already beginning to talk as if they were the dominating influence in Canada. That the Dominion has left its lands vacant until now does not prove that our authorities have been entirely unobservant of the fact that the United States is becoming overcrowded. It may be regarded as a fact that those in charge of this country have been possibly over-careful in the class of immigrants which they invited. When the Yukon was a wilderness there was no dispute about its administration; when it became populous and our Yankee neighbors found it to their interest to settle there the problem of government became difficult. It seems to be likely that our Western country will be a repetition of the Yukon experience, and our Government will show itself exasperatingly weak if it does not insist upon such tariff regulations as will give the taxpayers who built up the North-West a chance to recoup themselves, and at the same time prevent that enormous and fertile district from becoming by too free intercourse with the United States a preserve of that republic and a thorn in the side of the British possessions in North America.

MR. EDGAR TRIPP is one of those very unimportant and none too useful or numerous Canadian Commissioners scattered through the West Indies. His title alone gives him importance, not when he speaks to the country which pays him, but when he speaks in favor of the country he is paid to resist. That he has said disparaging things about British interests in Trinidad, where he resides, would have been unimportant had he not worn the title of a Canadian Commissioner. This title should be taken from him so as to divest him of any possible opportunity to do further harm. Hereafter our lack of a Commissioner in that locality will not only leave us as well off as we are, but prevent Canada from arming with a title a man who evidently does not know how to hold his tongue.

WE had a circus day here last week, and quite possibly the circus itself was all right—those who went in the afternoon thought so; those who went at night thought not. This city is in the habit of charging a very large license fee to those itinerant shows which pop up in an hour and disappear at night before the crowd think they have had their share. The fee is \$500 per day and \$50 for each sideshow. The newspapers supplied liberally with passes and advertising matter cannot be said to have conscientiously performed their duty either before or after the performance. One or two newspaper fragments have appeared indicating that the evening performance was unsatisfactory. Personally my circus days are past. In my childish days I led horses out to water and carried water into the tent for the elephant and thought myself a Bar-num, but nowadays I abhor crowds of all kinds, and particularly abstain from that jostling and uncontrollable aggregation of human nature which makes a circus profitable. Nevertheless, I have the interests of the circus-going population at heart and retain a distinct memory of the reprehensible tendency of those who have a circus in charge. When the show was here last week, at the evening performance tickets were sold vastly in excess of the seating or standing capacity of the tents. Interesting features were cut out—if they existed except on the bills—because of the mass of spectators. The whole business of entertaining the public in the evening was a farce consisting mostly of the fact that there was but little entertainment either possible or provided. The city does not sufficiently do its duty in charging a large license fee, presumably to keep the money of foolish citizens from going with the circus people to an alien country; it should see that the advertised features are presented, so police the entrance and body of the tents as to prevent overcrowding, and in a general way earn the license fee which has been paid, presumably on behalf of the citizens. If I am correctly informed, the ordinary circus upon paying its license may defraud the citizens as it sees fit, both as to the length and quality of the performance presented. If this is the spirit in which the licensing of circuses is carried on in Toronto, it is simply blackmail, or what is possibly worse, a conspiracy between the government of the city and the management of the



THE RECENT DOMINION LAWN BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT TORONTO ISLAND.

Photo by Ward, Yonge St.

following letter dealing with a later phase of the case:

"Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request in issue of 5th inst., asking me to keep you informed as to the result of my proposed attempt to use hose in Mount Pleasant cemetery for watering my plot, I beg to say that on the 12th I visited the cemetery and found that, since the date of my letter informing the management of my intention to use hose without their permission, all the hydrants in the section south-west of the ravine, where my plot is located, had been rendered useless for hose connection. I thereupon, with a friend, made an inspection of the hydrants in other parts of the ground beyond the ravine, and did not find a single one that had been treated in like manner. In addition to my own knowledge as to the former state of the hydrants near my plot, I am able to prove by others that all, excepting one, south-west of the ravine, were recently in good condition. I therefore can come to but one conclusion in the matter, viz., that the hydrants have been rendered useless for hose connections by the cemetery authorities in order to prevent my using the water upon the grass. I enclose you letters that have passed on the matter since, and as the Trust have practically refused to restore a hydrant near my plot, even at my cost, I shall now fight it out with them by moving the seat of war to where the hydrants are in condition, and see if they will render these useless also. I will therefore be glad to have any of your readers who have plots on the north or east side of the ravine send me, through you, permission to water the grass of their plots during the dry weather. I question the legal right of the cemetery authorities to damage or destroy the property of their wards."

If any reader of the above cares to give the permission asked for, "Saturday Night" will be pleased to put the parties in communication.

ONE of the most interesting lessons in the industrial economies we have had in Toronto has been furnished by the Iron Moulders' Convention. The delegates to this so-called international convention have been welcomed in every way appropriate to the large place they occupy in the industrial concerns of the United States and Canada.

The consideration of their work as an international body is of course open to criticism, and what remarks I may make are purely critical and not malicious in any sense of the word. A large minority in the convention has opposed the entrance of the nigger, the foreigner, and of everybody who might reduce wages without regard to the general good of mankind. The general good of mankind is a vague and much abused expression, but when we find these delegates who express the labor opinion of such an influential body arrayed against the good of anybody excepting themselves we have a right to draw a conclusion which may possibly be offensive to labor and socialistic organizations,

receives some consideration. The number of apprentices who may receive employment in a shop governed by the union has been considered, and at the moment of writing it seems that one boy for six men may be employed. Nothing has been said or no legislation has been enacted with regard to the six boys or eight boys who cannot be employed as helpers, who must run wild on the streets and be a disturbance to the peace of the community. It is evident that the moulders have in view their own happiness and welfare while thoroughly disregarding that large element of public peace which should make it possible for the father to have his boys helping him in whatever has been chosen as the family avocation. The purely selfish nature of unionist legislation has never been better shown than by the work of the extraordinarily large and exceedingly well behaved outfit which chose Toronto as its point of convention.

IT must be a very difficult situation in which a Cabinet finds itself when the tearful friends of a convict condemned to die make petitions for a change of sentence. It is a situation in which no politician should be allowed to discover himself. The man who is executing justice should not be open to the petitions of weeping women. It is bad enough to be subjected to the prayerful suggestions of those who desire office or a freedom from the penalty of a contract. There is nothing so tormenting, so out of the routine of experience, as a tearful woman; she is a terrible personage. That the Dominion Cabinet or such members of it as have remained in Canada during the Coronation expectancy have been able to resist all the petitions of the women related to a man named Rice, who will probably have been hanged before this reaches the public eye, is to the credit of those to whom the appeals have been made.

THAT a city should show its respect to firemen who died while doing their duty is advocated by everybody. Roughly estimating the crowds on the street and those taking part in the burial of the firemen who died while at work on the city's business, it may be said that a very large percentage showed their sympathy by their presence either in one direction or another. That so much money should be spent on the flowers and so little on the families of those who were killed, can only be esteemed as a fragment of a pagan idea that the wife and family should be cremated with the deceased. Our belief in public pageantry is evidently stronger than our contention for the proper bestowal of those who are left. Analyzed, this sort of thing means that we are trying to teach those in the public service to be faithful that they may have a grand funeral. The other view of this same question involves the payment to those who meet sudden death in the public service, of a sum which shall compensate the widow and orphan for their deprivation of their special wage-earner. The grandeur of the funeral may impress all those engaged

circus to give the public the worst of it in any shape that the circus sees fit, so long as it contributes a portion of its ill-gotten gains to the civic management. This sort of civic management is a sickening and worthless thing, and we are getting it not only in circuses, but theatrical affairs.

It is evident that we are in for a very interesting if not edifying dispute about the reception accorded to the Canadian Coronation contingent in England. The officers, since returning to Canada, deny that any discourtesy was experienced at the hands of the War Office or that there was any friction between English and colonial officers. They say in effect: "We were well used, and surely we are the ones who should know the facts." But the "Telegram," whose special cable despatches were the main source of reports to the contrary, insists that the contingent was badly used, whether its members are aware of the fact or not. It maintains that its reports, sent doubtless by Mr. J. Ross Robertson personally, were well-founded, and that the officers who have been giving newspaper interviews in which they insist that everything was lovely, either do not represent the general feeling of the contingent or have conspired to hush the whole business up.

I went to the trouble of ascertaining Colonel Pellatt's personal views and was assured by him that there was no ground for complaint as to the welcome and entertainment of the colonial forces. "Of course," said Colonel Pellatt, "there were three very unfortunate circumstances: first, the wet weather; secondly, the choice of Alexandra Palace as camping ground for the troops; and lastly, the fact that there was no coronation. These adverse conditions marred the pleasure of the trip, but no one was to blame for the weather or for the King's illness." As to the choice of Alexandra Palace, Colonel Pellatt admitted, when questioned, that the grounds were inconvenient and that he thought more suitable ones might have been selected.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, M.P., who was in command of the unmounted men of the contingent, has given to the press an interview in which he denies circumstantially the "yarns" about the ill-treatment of the Canadians. On the other hand, a letter has been published, written by Major E. W. B. Morrison, an officer of the contingent, on June 25th. Major Morrison's statements on the whole rather bear out the despatches to the "Telegram." He speaks of friction between Canadian and British officers and of the multiplicity of drills and routine duties imposed, making the camp much like an ordinary camp of instruction. But his chief complaint seems to be that the camp grounds were inconveniently situated. "We are so far out of London"—this is the gist of his letter—"and have so many parades and duties that even when you can get leave it is scarcely worth while to go into town, as it takes practically a whole afternoon to go and return." Upon this point Major Morrison is not in disagreement with Colonel Pellatt, who did not hesitate to describe Alexandra Palace as badly located.

However, it is one thing to say that the War Office made a mistake in locating the camp and quite a different thing to charge that there was ill-treatment of the visiting soldiers. Looking at all the facts so far adduced, the whole matter seems to resolve itself into this: That a general feeling of disappointment was experienced, but that this was mainly due to uncontrollable circumstances, such as the weather and the King's illness, for which no one could be held accountable; that it was partially due, however, to the difficulty of reaching London from Alexandra Palace and to the impossibility of combining sight-seeing with attention to soldierly duties. If some British officers were inclined to snub the colonials, this of course would add to the unpleasantness of the situation, but these cases would seem to have been exceptions, and even Major Morrison attributes to the Government and the people of England the desire to make the Canadians' visit a pleasant one.

In any event, the chapter is one that had better be closed. No good can be done by keeping open a discussion that has already made most of us wish the contingent had never been sent. If the British War Office needs reforming, as undoubtedly it does, the change cannot be brought about by editorials in the "Telegram" or by complaints from Canadian officers who think they have been shabbily treated by the "Chollies" and "Algies" of the Headquarters Staff. Whatever the condition of the British War Office may be, Canada can only accept the situation without "beefing." We have our own woodpile to absorb our energies while the fine weather lasts.

If a law is not to be enforced it had better be repealed. In the United States no procession is allowed to display a foreign flag unless it also displays the Stars and Stripes. The regulation, an eminently proper one, is rigidly enforced. Some such enactment is supposed to have been passed here also, but if we did not mean it to be taken seriously due notice should be given that such is the case. Twice within the last week the Stars and Stripes have been flaunted before the faces of Toronto's citizens without the accompaniment of the Canadian ensign. Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' circus parade offended in this respect, and on Saturday afternoon the procession of the International Moulders is said to have carried the United States colors at its head through the streets of this city, while omitting the equal courtesy due to the flag of a country whose guests they have been while assembled in convention. As readers of this page are aware, I am not very strong on the bloody shirt species of patriotism, yet in matters of this kind reciprocity is a good rule and engenders self-respect. The police ought to be instructed to stop any procession that flouts Canadian sentiment by either an inadvertent or intentional slight to the emblem of our nationality.

I AM assured by a letter from Mr. W. K. McNaught, president of the Industrial Exhibition, that only one of the three new buildings will not be completed in time for this year's fair. This is the new Manufacturers' building. The Dairy building and the Art Gallery will both be ready, and the old Main building, Music Hall and Carriage building will be thoroughly repaired in order to provide ample accommodation for manufacturers' exhibits. It is desirable that these facts should be widely known. While it is most unfortunate that all the new buildings cannot be finished for the opening of the Exhibition on September 1, there is really no reason why this year's fair should not be bigger and better than any in the past.

A CURIOUS communication reached "Saturday Night" this week in the form of a number of patriotic poems by an Australian writer. One of these is an amended version of "God Save the King," and is called "God Guard our Realm and King." Another bears the high-sounding title of "Australia's Message to Throne and Empire." The verses are printed in circular form and presumably have been sent out broadcast through the English-speaking world. The noteworthy feature of the copy that reached this office is the address: "The Editor, 'Saturday Night,' Toronto, U.S.A." Evidently the inspired Australian bard who burns to deliver his imperial message, as well as his London publishers, Messrs. Wigg and Son, conceive of Canada as a State of the American Union or else of the United States as a British possession. It is thus that the unification of the Empire is promoted!

I HAVE seen many newspapers reformed to death. Drifting away back in memory I recall the New York "Ledger," out of which Bonner made a fortune and kept the greatest race horses in the world. In every home except where fiction was barred the "Ledger" had an entrance, and when the heroes and heroines were left hanging by their eyelashes on a precipice at the end of the week the great unbacked section of the public looked forward eagerly to the solution of the mystery and the rescue of the adventurers. When old man Bonner died the "Ledger" was revamped by the sons, to whom that valuable property was left. It was made higher-toned, put in more readable shape, and printed in a form that was not as cumbersome. The illustrations were of a much higher class and were

printed in a better way. The whole sheet was more magazine-like, and the result was that the enterprise upon which hundreds of thousands were expended fell dead. It was neither a magazine nor a story paper, it appealed to neither one class nor the other, and one does not come across a New York "Ledger" nowadays, if it be in existence, even occasionally. All the story papers that have tried to turn themselves into semi-magazines have fallen by the wayside, sad evidences of the passing of the story paper and the failure of those who try to keep a literary halfway-house. The latest evidence of this tendency to try to be something which one isn't is to be found in "Harper's Weekly," one of the papers that I have been accustomed to swear by and to read with interest and instruction. It is going through the process, both as to size and management, of the New York "Ledger," it is passing from the thing we knew unto the thing for which we do not care. God save it from destruction, for it has been an element for good. Its only redeeming feature in its new shape—a shape unwelcome and, though convenient, not attractive—is its exceeding attention to comment on public affairs. This feature of commenting upon public affairs in weekly papers, it can be said, without an attempt to aggrandize "Saturday Night," has been made a great journalistic possibility by what the reader of this front page has enjoyed for the last fifteen years. It has grown year by year, and weekly journalism has been enriched by thousands of attempts—successful attempts, I must admit—to not only equal but excel "Saturday Night" in its comments on passing events. Whether this paper has been a leader in the movement or whether it was simply a straw showing the direction that public opinion was taking with regard to the weekly instead of the daily review of what was taking place, must be left to others to decide. All I can say in the matter is that this paper published in Toronto was the forerunner of a great journalistic movement, or if not the forerunner, was at least running with the foremost papers that engaged themselves in the task of once a week summarizing what had happened.

I am sorry that "Harper's Weekly" has shown the first sign of decadence by departing from its original proposition. Years ago we saw the disappearance of Nast's cartoons or anything filling the place of that artist's great work, with regret. Now we are compelled to read the work of men we know not of, and to look at the pictures of those of whom we have not heard and for whom we do not care, with a feeling that the finish of "Harper's Weekly" is in sight.

Social and Personal.

The first dance of the season at the Yacht Club was remarkably successful. The rain of the day had cooled the air to just the right temperature for dancing, and the dampness which so often thickens the atmosphere did not hang about the club-house as usual after the rain. Quite a large party of city folks arrived on the eight o'clock and two following boats, and several cosy dinners were enjoyed by small parties of yachtmen and their friends. The menu at the club has undergone a decided improvement, and I think the remark of a New York girl some time ago that she had never enjoyed a more charming experience than her dinner at the Yacht Club and quiet paddle afterwards, was quite justified. No pleasanter little treat can be given by the members to their lady friends than a well arranged little dinner on a fair summer night on the shady upper verandah of the Yacht Club-house. On Monday several pretty strangers were present. Mrs. Matthews of Arkansas, a lovely dark-eyed Southerner in black jetted lace over white silk, and Miss Roos of Berlin, a fair-haired and sweet-faced girl, in a dainty dove grey crepe de chine with lace guimpe, were two of the most admired visitors. Miss McLeod, in white muslin, and her sister, in grey, were welcomed as new Islanders who are exceedingly popular. Mrs. Warwick of Sunningdale brought her daughter, Miss Lillian, and popular Miss Kathleen Taylor Massey of New York, who is, I believe, now visiting other friends at Center Island. Miss Taylor Massey is Mrs. Ross Gooderham's younger sister, and is a charming girl. Dr. Morton of Melbourne, Australia, came with his host, Dr. Capon, and is enjoying his visit in Toronto greatly. Dr. Morton is a nephew of the late Dr. George Morton of Church and Gloucester streets. There was a sextette of young girls, all of whom happened to wear pink gowns, who rivalled any Florodora aggregation of like number ever worshipped by stage-trunk Johnnies. A couple of sweet young brides, Mrs. Gooderham (nee Patterson) and Mrs. Morris (nee White), reassumed their girlhood bellefleur and were besieged with partners. Handsome Miss Hanlan looked very well in pale blue with black skirt. Little Miss Dottie Lamont wore a brilliant deep red skirt and dainty white muslin and lace blouse. Mrs. Pack looked very handsome in a flowered foulard and picture hat with dainty flowers. Miss Janie Wallbridge wore blue and white foulard with ecru lace and a hat crowned with lovely flowers. Miss Ashley Dunnet wore pink and white and a very pretty hat. Mrs. Lee was daintily gowned in transparent black muslin and black hat touched with white. Miss Meriel Massey was bright and pretty as usual; her hat with pink flowers, was particularly becoming and her hair was most softly and nicely arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan looked in rather late, Mrs. Duggan very smartly gowned in black with a picture hat to match. Mrs. Arthur Massey wore white lawn with lace and a rose-crowned hat. Miss Elsie Helliwell wore a very pretty white mousseline with black lace on the shoulders. Miss Laura Gale was prettily gowned in pink. Miss Birchall of Montreal was a little beauty in India silk and a large black hat. Some of the men were the Commodore, Messrs. Gooderham, Band, Martin, Taylor, Perry, Smart, Eby, Delisle, Edwards, Duncan Lamont, W. Lamont, McMurray, Sears.

Colonel Buchan has returned from a fortnight's summer vacation. Toronto friends are much disappointed to hear that Lieutenant Douglas Young and Lieutenant Kingston are not aboard the "Cestrian." Some of the officers and soldiers had to await other transportation, as the number of troops en route for home overcrowded the vessel. The arrival of the "Cestrian" is eagerly awaited by many relatives here and in Halifax.

Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick of Coolmine heads the list of her division, with honors, in the recently published account of the College of Music exams. Lady Ruby Elliot of Rideau Hall comes next, and is a very earnest and painstaking student.

Mrs. Ulysses Grant, widow of the late General Grant, twice President of the United States, is spending the summer in Crabburg. Miss Coffey of Washington is with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer of the Queen's Park have gone to England. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews are up the Saguenay. Mr. and Mrs. Brough and Mrs. MacDougall are, I am told, at Metis for the summer. Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Moffitt and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson are in Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake are in the Province of Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. George Burton are at St. Andrew's N.B.

Mr. Oscar Bickford, who is "auto-fiend" par excellence in Toronto, and whose friends are enjoying delightful outings with him, arranged a party to run up to London, one day lately. Mrs. Campbell Reaves' fair guests, Miss Smallman of London and Miss Pringle of Edinburgh, with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bickford, enjoyed the journey very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton are off for the summer to Prince Edward Island with their little folks.

Miss Hazel Wright is in Seattle with her mother and an invalid brother, whose health is very precarious. Miss Wright went west about a fortnight ago.

The circus last week attracted quite a number of society people in town with nothing to do, and several jolly parties were made up to attend, among others a group of young

folks who afterwards adjourned to Mrs. Charles McLeod's pretty home in Crescent road for supper. Why the reporters sent them to 510 Jarvis street is beyond me, as the McLeods haven't lived there for many months. Miss Jackson of Detroit is visiting Miss McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morrice have gone to the Adirondacks for the summer.

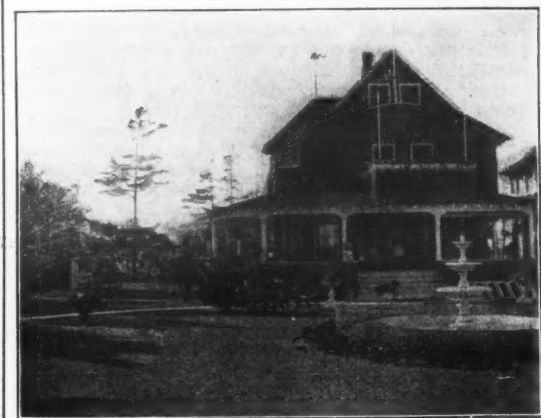
Mrs. Price-Brown is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kinzie Bates, at Grosse Isle, and will be absent from the city for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis are in Muskoka for the summer.

I hear from Tilsonburg, which is an up-to-date town indeed, that the golf links are proving very popular, and a nice tennis club is in working order, giving pleasant afternoon teas and so forth.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower and Miss Macklem are arranging to leave for the White Mountains next Tuesday.

To many Torontonians the advance in the architectural beauty of the Island residences is quite a marvel when they happen to visit Toronto's water suburb. The first of a series



of pictures of pretty Island homes is produced this week. It is the residence of Mr. Arthur Massey at Center Island. These photos are taken by a clever amateur, Mr. Albert Winkelman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hamilton have taken a house at 113 Bedford road.

Lady Meredith and Mr. Jack Meredith have gone to Scarborough Beach, Maine, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls of the Homewood have gone to their summer home, the Grange, near Barrie.

Miss Ethel Baldwin is at Little Metis. Miss Sinclair of Huron street is the guest of Mrs. George McKeough in Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford are at the Island. Mr. and Mrs. Warren and their children are at their beautiful Island home on the Breakwater.

"What part of the Island is this?" enquired a Southern lady as she strolled toward the Breakwater. "Gooderhamville," said the small boy. "Ain't that a good name for it?"

Mr. Arthur Guise, Comptroller of the vice-Regal household, returned from Japan on Tuesday, on which date he landed at Victoria, B.C.

Mr. J. R. Forester has not returned with the contingent from the Coronation, as he was in London attached to the Governor-General's staff and will return with His Excellency.

On next Monday week the second of the Yacht Club's summer hops will take place. Two dances will be given during August also.

Some one was lamenting the fact that there will be no suitable place for large balls next season, now that the Pavilion is burned down. What's the matter with the Royal Edward Hotel?

Mrs. Bingham Turner (nee Gzowski) arrived out from South Africa a few days ago, and spent a short time with Lady Gzowski at The Hall, where on Tuesday a few intimate friends called to congratulate Mrs. Turner upon the distinction gained by her brave son, Captain Bingham Alexander Turner of the Rifle Brigade, in South Africa. Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Turner and Mr. Casimir Gzowski left on Wednesday for Star Island, Lake Joseph, to join Mrs. Gzowski and her young people, who have been at their beautiful Muskoka residence for some time.

Colonel and Mrs. Robert Cartwright and their young people are living at Rockcliffe, Ottawa, for the summer, where Mrs. Cartwright, always the soul of hospitality, gives pleasant and frequent teas.

Mrs. Worthington has gone to Halifax to meet her husband, who is returning by the "Cestrian" from South Africa. Mrs. Cook of Arncliffe, Parkdale, accompanied her daughter on this pleasant trip.

Mr. Plunkett Magann's yacht arrived this week and is being done up for the season.

Mrs. Huyek Garratt enjoyed a cruise on the "Gloria" with Mr. and Mrs. McLeod and their family, circling Lake Ontario and calling at several points of interest. Mrs. Garratt's summer tan is most becoming, as her friends are telling her. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod are in Mr. Northcote's pretty summer cottage at Center Island, and on Monday the Misses McLeod were much admired guests at the first R.C.Y.C. dance at the Island club-house.

Mr. Hees arrived this week from his Klondike trip, and speaks with much interest of the far North, which is not by any means as inaccessible as one is prone to imagine. He saw many Toronto friends while there, and found most of them doing extremely well. Stalwart Norman Cosby with his peace-keepers, the North-West Mounted Police, and Mr. Cleveland Hall, who came out part of the way to meet Mrs. Hall on her return from Toronto, are two Torontonians who agree with their new atmosphere. Mr. Harry Hees returned a few days ago from a charming tour of England and the Continent.

Mrs. Creelman and her daughters left Toronto on Thursday evening for Montreal, en route to England. They sail to-day.

Mrs. H. S. Mara and her daughters, Mrs. Wichmeyer and Miss Mara, are enjoying their London experiences. Mr. Mara is to join them shortly.

The stork has been good to Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers in their Winnipeg home. A wire to a friend in Toronto from Mr. Carruthers on Wednesday announced: "Son and heir arrived noon to-day."

At a recent cooking exhibition in Paris, President Loubet made a speech in which he declared that one of the reasons why so many foreigners like to visit Paris is that they are sure to get better things to eat there than anywhere else in the world.

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land, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hammett of
New York, Mrs. Lewis Lukes, Mrs. S. C.
Plyator, Miss Evelyn Lukes, Mr. R. E.
Baker of Toronto, Mr. Adam Anderson
of Orillia, Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire of
California, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer of
Glasgow, Mr. B. Turner Wilson, Mr. and
Mrs. Leonard W. Manichee of Toronto,
Mr. J. W. Swan of Montreal, Mr. C. W.
Ginrich of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs.
George D. Fearman of Hamilton, Mr.
Berman Adler, Mrs. Herman Adler, Mr.
George Herman Adler of New York, Mr.
and Mrs. J. W. Klauke of Buffalo, Mr. J.
Hardy, Mrs. Hardy, Mr. A. J. Hardy,
Mr. J. C. Quick of Toronto, Miss F. Bur-
nett of Grand Rapids, Dr. Ridley Mac-
kenzie of Montreal, Mr. W. H. Under-
wood of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bell
of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McDon-
ald, Mrs. G. R. Baker of Toronto, Mrs.
A. B. Finny of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. I.
R. Kinghorn of Montreal, Mr. Robert T.
Simpson of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. John
C. Motter of Buffalo, Mrs. and Mr.
Charles D. Blackman of Rochester, Mr.

J. Ross Ritchey of Toronto, Mr. Elmer
Smith of Beaumaris, Mr. R. D. Strauss,
Hon. Justice Lount, Mrs. Lount and Miss
Lount of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. M.
Kelsey of Chicago, Mr. Charles P. Frances
of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dud-
ley, Miss Fanny F. Dudley, Miss Har-
riett Dudley of New York, Mr. and Mrs.
L. M. Crump of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs.
Langmuir, Miss Langmuir of Toronto,
Mr. J. C. Harlow of Amherst, N.S., Mr.
J. Everleigh of Montreal, Mr. Henry A.
Rowell, Mr. H. R. Harris of New York,
Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie of Ham-
ilton, Mrs. J. D. Hay of Toronto, Mrs.
C. J. Jones, Mrs. M. Mackelcan, Mrs.
John H. Hendrie, Mr. A. Murray, Mr.
William Murray, Mr. C. S. Murray of
Hamilton, Mrs. L. M. Harris, Mr. L. S.
Harris, Mr. R. H. Harris of Toronto,
Mrs. Currie A. Moore, Mr. M. Carey A.
Moore of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs.
C. H. Ritchie of Toronto, Mrs. Thomas
Symington, Miss Symington, Miss Amy
Symington of Sarnia, Mr. Gerard A.
Elink Scheurman of Holland, Mr. E. Bol-
ton, Mr. E. H. Pepper of Toronto, Mr.
and Mrs. John R. Barber of Georgetown,
Mr. S. F. McKinnon of Toronto, Mr. and
Mrs. H. Carscallen, Mr. and Mrs. Cy-
rus A. Birge, Mr. H. C. Birge, Miss Birge
of Hamilton, Mr. H. F. Moeley of De-
troit, Mr. H. T. Jaeger of Buffalo, Mr.
T. G. Winnett of Bay City, Mr. Paul
Jarvis of Toronto, Mr. W. M. Tuinson,
Miss A. M. Culhouse of Buffalo, Mr.
John Foy of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. B.
P. Fraser, Mr. Fred P. Fox of Buffalo,
Mr. W. W. Near of Montreal, Mr. G. H.
Howland of Toronto, Mr. A. W. Taylor
of Gananoque, Mr. George E. King of
Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. James Houston of
Detroit, Mr. A. E. Plummer of Detroit,
Mr. H. H. Hammond of Toronto, Mr. R.
A. Lucas, Mr. T. H. Whitton of Hamilton,
Mr. W. C. Allen of London, Mrs. Henry
Buld, Miss Cooper, Miss Florence Walk-
er, Miss Margaret C. Walker, Mrs. John
Walker of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Al-
len Gilmour of Helensburgh, Scotland,
Mr. F. E. Couss of Sarnia, Mrs. Minnie
Marjorie Octavia Gilmour of Helens-
burgh, Scotland, Mr. W. P. Gilmour of
Clarksville, Tenn., Mr. and Mrs. Charles
H. Hulburd, Miss Hulburd, Mr. De For-
est Hulburd of Chicago, Mr. C. M. Hap-
good of Easton, Pa., Miss L. C. Wells of
Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hinkley, Jr.,
United States Army, Mr. and Mrs. A. J.
H. Eckert, Mr. P. J. Smythe, Mr. J. A.
MacCracken of Toronto, Mr. Arthur W.
Semmons of Hamilton, Mr. Arthur A.
Lansburgh of New York, Mr. Herbert
P. Henning, Mr. W. A. Howell, Mr. Jo-
seph Jeffery of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs.
R. Vandigraft of Washington, D.C., Miss
M. E. Jorgenson of Brooklyn, Mr. H. L.
Godin of Three Rivers, Miss Coldham,
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnard, Mrs. J. W.
Ryder of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W.
Coon of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. H.
Handlan, the Misses Handlan, Mr. E. R.
Handlan of St. Louis, Mr. L. R. Lavale
of Chicago, Miss Julia F. MacBrien of
Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Orne
of Danville, Mrs. H. P. Winter of Or-
ange, N.J., Mr. M. H. Gould and family
of Denver, Mr. H. Stone of Sarnia, Mr.
A. C. Neff, Mr. W. A. Smith of Toronto,
Miss Mary D. Potter, Miss Mary M.
Disque, Miss Mary Holmes Morgan of
Pittsburg, Mr. H. J. Murphy, Mr. R. J.
Abbs of Buffalo, Mr. T. A. Mellon and
party, Miss Emma Wightman, Mr. G. A.
Hogg, Mr. J. H. Hillman of Pittsburg,
Mrs. Virginia Lee, Mr. Robert Lee Keith
and party of Kansas, Mr. A. D. Lee and
family of Hamilton, Ohio, Mrs. E. L.
Simpson of Toronto, Mrs. George W.
Cope of Oakland, Cal., Mr. Adam Brown
of Hamilton, Ont., Miss Kate Campbell
of Montreal, Mrs. J. K. Osborne and
child of Toronto, Mr. H. Carscallen, Mr.
F. W. Gates, Miss Gates of Hamilton,
Mr. J. J. Morton Jones of Toronto.

The third dance of the I.A.A.A. last
Friday was well attended, though, owing
to the absence of the usual fine orches-
tra, the dancers found the piano not so
inspiring as the strings and flute. The
room was well filled with a smart lot of

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Islanders and city people of the young
set, the "summer girls" looking very
bright and pretty and just beginning to
acquire the tan which is so becoming to
some of them. A very pretty blonde,
and graceful girl in white lawn and lace
was Miss Nomic Crozier; Miss Francis,
also in white, was another very attractive
dancer. Petite Miss Dottie Lamont, in
white with pink roses in her corsage and
hair, looked very pretty in a Pompadour
coiffure, quite a change from her usual
quaint and simple way of arranging her
beautiful golden hair. Mrs. Trees also
looked very nice in a simple frock and
summer hat. There were many other
pretty girls at the dance. Miss Macfar-
lane looked very well, and a couple of
tall and stylish strangers received much
attention. The night was so lovely that
many couples strolled out after a dance
and forgot to come back for a long time,
and might have been seen on the beach
enjoying the exquisite moon, in her first
quarter, as she faintly reflected herself
in the ripples of the lake or lagoons.
Several of the stand-bys of the Island
Aquatic were away on their vacations.
Mr. and Mrs. Eastmair were at Craw-
ford's, White Mountains, and a merry
yachting party took several others hence.

The sudden death of Mrs. Arthur Tay-
lor (nee Maclellan), widow of Mr. Ar-
thur Taylor, and daughter of the late
Mrs. Denison of Dovercourt, who was
twice married, took place last Wednes-
day. Mrs. Taylor had for some time
suffered from her heart, and, being bur-
ied in looking for her little grandchild,
who had strayed from her side in the
evening, the result of her exertion ter-
minated in a spasm, which caused her
death. Her son, Mr. Denison Taylor of
Fort William, came down to attend his
mother's funeral, and Mrs. Arthur Arm-
strong (nee Denison) of Gilnockie, Lloyd-
town, also was in town for the burial of
her step-sister, to whom she was greatly
attached. Although Mrs. Taylor had
lived a very retired life of late, she had
many warm friends, who valued her
many sterling traits and will be grieved
to hear of her decease.

Miss Elsie Bankes, whose bright and
charming presence has been so much
appreciated at all the spring functions,
has left Rosedale House, where she was
residing, for her home, Perceval Ridout,
and gone to relatives in Montreal and
Quebec.

Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., and
his sister, Mrs. Tait, and little Miss Tait
are at Birch Point, Muskoka. Mr. G. R.
R. Cockburn's summer home. Mr. and
Mrs. Cockburn are still abroad for the
benefit of Mrs. Cockburn's health, of
which, I am pleased to note, favorable
accounts continue.

The Coronation contingent slipped in
on Sunday very quietly, and are rather
warm over the reports concerning their
disaffection with their English ex-
periences. Colonel Andrew Thompson,
the handsome M. P. from Guyana, is
most emphatic in his gratitude for the
kindness received by himself and his
men, and Colonel Pellatt, who probably
had a bigger disappointment than any
colonial in the postponement of the cor-
onation, is just his usual jolly, cheery
self, with "good time" beaming from
every feature. It is safe to say that
any grumblers are not those who are
least accustomed to denial of luxuries
and ease, but the contrary.

Last Sunday, so sunny and clear, was a
dark day for many a bereaved and sor-
rowing soul, and the funeral of the five
splendid fellows who lost their lives at
Thursday's fire was witnessed by many
a beaming and butterfly of fashion with
real sorrow for manhood cut short in its
prime. In some of the downtown offices
little groups of beautiful women sat
mournfully regarding the solemn cor-
tège, and one fair lady held her little
three-year-old son on her knee and ex-
plained to him the brave and noble way
in which the gallant firemen had lost
their lives. The little man listened and
noted every detail, then regarded his
mother seriously. "Dey didn't kill any
Boers, did they?" he enquired. "Cause
I like them better 'an the soldier people
if they didn't." Thus peace had victory
not less, but more than war in a pure
little child's heart. The music of the
marched bands as they thronged forth
on the "Dead March" struck like a chill up-
on many a sad heart, and the mournful
knell from tower to tower was like a
cry of pity for the poor fellows whose
battered remains were slowly passing to
their quiet graves. A wealth of flowers
overflowed half a dozen open carriages,
tributes from civic, society and regimen-
tal bodies with which the dead firemen
had been connected, and their stalwart
confederates marched in their dark blue,
with fluttering knots of crape on their
left arms, along the roadway over which
the quiet dead had often stepped in
brave attire and with gallant bearing on
high days and holidays.

Mrs. Henry Sanford, who is at her
summer place at Newcastle, came to
town for a short visit, and such of her
friends as are in town were delighted to
have a glimpse of her. During her stay
she was at the Queen's.

Professor and Mrs. Hutton are in Mus-
koka. Mrs. Herbert Greene and Miss
Laura Ireland are on the Atlantic Coast.
Mrs. John Hagarty and her family are
at Scarborough Beach, Maine, and Miss
Estelle Nordheimer of Glenlyth is with
them. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Ryerson
are in Muskoka.

The good story is paying particular
attention to Toronto this year. In token
of peace the bird is bringing quite a lot
of girl babies to town. Many enquiries
and congratulations are voiced to Mrs.
J. Strachan Johnson on the arrival of
her little new daughter, and the progress
of both is very satisfactory.

Miss Labatt was in town for a short
stay, and has gone east for the summer.
Mrs. Holloway has gone, I hear, to Cus-
hing's Island for the vacation. Mr. and
Mrs. Shepley and their family will spend
the holidays in Muskoka. I believe, as
last season, they will be at the Royal
Muskoka.

Mrs. Otter, with Miss Athol Nordheim-
er of Glenlyth, is spending the vacation
at Scarborough Beach, Maine.

The cruelly sudden tidings of the death
of Mr. W. A. Gilmour, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Gilmour of Toronto, has moved all
to great sympathy with the fair young
bride of a few weeks and the much-re-
spected parents of the deceased. Mr. and

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Another "Cardinal's Sauff-Box" tale.
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Mrs. Gilmour, jr., had only just gotten
settled in their new home in Vancouver.
Their marriage took place in Hamilton
on June 4. Mrs. Gilmour was Miss Turn-
er, daughter of Mr. Alce Turner of
Hamilton, and her mother is now en-
route to visit her. Mr. and Mrs. Gil-
mour, sr., have been a few days away
from Toronto. They went up to Sud-
bury to visit their son, Mr. Jack Gil-
mour, manager of the Bank of Toronto
at Copper Cliff, and the sad news fol-
lowed them. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Gil-
mour on Sunday as the funeral of the
firemen took its way from the Cathedral,
and heard their tender and sympathetic
words. Now it is their friends' sad pri-
vilege to return their love and sym-
pathy. Mr. W. A. Gilmour was but thirty-
one years of age, and possessed of
every quality to command affection and
esteem. A large family connection in
Toronto, Mrs. Wardrop, his grandmother;
the Misses Wardrop, Mrs. Wellington
Francis and Mrs. Cross, his aunts,
are all in grief over his sad and sudden
death. Mr. Gilmour was a barrister at
Osgoode Hall and a partner of Sir Hil-
bert Tupper and Hon. Fred Peters.

Recent arrivals at the Queen's Royal
Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are Mr. and
Mrs. Lucien T. Sirret, Mr. Robert E. Bo-
raen of New York, Mrs. W. S. Sizer and
Miss Sizer of Buffalo, Mr. Ernest R. Pat-
erson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Parke
Wright of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Safford
K. Colby of Flushing, Miss Gertrude
Palmer, Miss Margaret Groble of Phila-
delphia, Mrs. William Hoopes of Pitts-
burg, Miss Grace M. Austin of Detroit,
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dowle of Buffalo,
Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Flynn of New York,
Mr. T. B. Fitcher of Baltimore, Mr. Jo-
seph L. Goble and Miss Goble of Cleve-
land, Mrs. Mark Ansley and Miss
Ansley of Toronto, Mrs. A. J. Elias and
Miss Weil of Cincinnati, Mrs. J. A. Pro-
ctor and Miss Maude Proctor of Toronto,
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Alter of Cin-
cinnati, Mrs. C. R. Sherlock and Miss
Sherlock of Syracuse, Rev. C. L. Wells
and Mrs. Wells of Brooklyn, Mr. J. A.
Currie of Toronto, Mr. Ralph Holter-
hoff of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. S. Law-
rence Bigelow of Ann Arbor, Mich., Mr.
and Mrs. Fred S. Coon of New York,
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Little of Pitts-
burg, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Colston and
family of Cincinnati, Mrs. R. W. McClain
of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas West
of Toronto, Mr. Charles A. Lindley of
New York, Messrs. G. F. Hunt, A. F.
Weightman and E. G. Coster of London.

The Queen's Royal baseball team, com-
posed of guests of the hotel, defeated a
team comprised of the officers of the
Ninth Infantry, U.S.A., at Fort Niagara,
Monday afternoon, July 14. Score, 16
to 9.

Some of the smart people noticed on
the terraces at the tennis tournament,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, were . . . Lillian
Warwick, Toronto; Miss Katherine T.
Massey, New York; Miss Sisking, Miss
Ethel Sisking of Toronto, Mrs. J. Mac-
leod Gill of Brockville, Mrs. Harry Ed-
ward Vaux and the Misses Vaux, Miss
Bodine and Miss Durand, Mr. J. A. Mel-
drum and Mr. H. C. Boulbee of Toron-
to, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cox and Miss
Cox of St. Catharines, Mr. Jack Howell,
Mr. Charles Gilmour, Mr. J. S. Robert-
son, Mr. J. L. Coulson and Mr. H. S.
Coulson of Toronto.

Mrs. Foster of Erlescourt gave a
charming afternoon recently for the
Girls' Friendly Society, with which Miss
McLean Howard is so kindly identified.
A delightful tea and many other pleas-
ant things were provided for the mem-
bers, who all enjoyed the occasion most
thoroughly.

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unless framed
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and luxuri-
ant coronet
of hair. It
may be that
Dame Na-
ture has
supplied
you with
the one but
not the
other: or
perhaps
from illness
or other cause
your hair may
have lost its old-
time appearance
and abundance.
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have worried how
best to remedy this.
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CHAPTER XXXII.
The Moonstone Sphinx.

Weeks went on, and life pressed heavily upon Winifred Gray. The one comfort she had was that her mother, though still frail and very, very weak, was no longer in danger, and that they were together again.

The flat was given up, for Winifred had had a chance to let it furnished, and, though the amount paid by the new tenants was ridiculously small, that, with Mrs. Gray's pension, was something to depend upon. When the invalid was strong enough they moved into cheap lodgings in Westminster, and Winifred tried again to find an engagement.

The girl was driven at last from the theatrical agents to those who made a specialty of engaging music-hall artists, and strove to persuade her mother that she was delighted when she was given a chance to sing a ballad at a "hall" on the Surrey side.

For this she received two guineas every Saturday night; and as she did not know that she had been engaged on the strength of the "Mazeppa" reclame rather than for her charming young face, her reputation as an actress or her genuine talent as a singer, she made the best of the new life, never telling her mother of the coarse things she often had to see and hear behind the scenes at the hall.

Mrs. Gray had to be told the truth about Dick, however, as soon as she was well enough to hear it, for her questions had called for answers which could not be denied. And after he had replied almost harshly to the one appealing letter she wrote him he had to be left to go his own way. Once he sent home money; but this was promptly posted back again, and his mother and sister heard from Lionel Macaire's secretary no more.

But Macaire was not in ignorance of Winifred's movements, and they all coincided well enough with his wishes. The only thing he did not know of her doings was the episode of the masked minstrels, and her brief "partnership" with Hope Newcome. He saw no reason to believe that her acquaintance with Newcome had been more than his new protegee admitted—a few words of gratitude for championship of her cause near the stage-door of the Duke of Clarence's Theater, so long ago, and perhaps a meeting when Newcome had found his way to the flat to engage Dick Gray as his secretary.

This method of securing Dick had been carefully planned by Macaire, however, so that, in case Winifred had remembered handsome, picturesque Newcome with admiration, he would be stained black in her eyes for ever.

The millionaire knew her feelings towards himself well enough to be sure that if Newcome were associated with him in her mind he would at once become hateful to her. He had exacted Newcome's promise to preserve the secret of their bargain, so that their acquaintance should not be prematurely known; and then, Dick once engaged as his secretary, he had opened the bag with a malicious chuckle that the cat might spring out.

Once or twice, during the short interval that Winifred was left alone in the flat between her brother's going and her mother's homecoming, the desire for a desperate coup had haunted him, beating about in his head like a great moth round a flame; but he had put it away for three sufficient reasons. In the first place, Winifred would at such a time after her late experiences, be on her guard; in the second, the failure of such a scheme would be fatal to others in the future; while in the third, and most important place of all, the purpose for which he had taken Dick to live in luxury in his house was in a fair way of being accomplished; and its successful accomplishment would surely give him Winifred, revenge and triumph, all in the grasp of one outstretched hand.

Meanwhile, he amused himself by throwing his net which Dick Gray was the unsuspecting fish to snap at, and in watching the Baron von Zellheim's success in society. He laughed in his sleeve to see how people took up the handsome young man whom he had introduced, and at the romantic stories regarding him. He laughed to see how well the new Baron played his part, and, more than all, he laughed at the thought of the surprise he had in store for everybody, including his protegee, at the end of the stipulated six months.

With all his wealth Macaire had not been able to gain an undisputed foothold in the most exclusive set, though he had lent money to lesser royalties, and in consequence secured them for his dinner-parties. But Baron von Zellheim was more fortunate in this regard. In a few months he did what Macaire had not been able to do in years. A great lady who tolerated the millionaire took a fancy to the young Baron von Zellheim, and his way was made easy. His title, but an insignificant one, though the pride of an old German family, was not disputed, or, if disputed, only enough talked about to make him a piquant personality; and he was invited everywhere—to many houses, indeed, where Macaire had never been asked, until the handsome young man in his gratitude obtained him a welcome.

Nobody, not even Macaire himself, dreamt of the true reason of the "Baron's" insatiable fondness for society, his eagerness to make new acquaintances among the mighty ones of the land. But there was such a reason beneath all the young man's actions, deep under the surface as some currents in the sea, and as darkly hidden. If it had not been so he would not have had heart or courage, after the loss of his love, for the life into whose vortex he had thrown himself. He went wherever it was fashionable to go, wherever he was likely to meet people intent on the spending of much money for their own pleasure, and he stayed nowhere long; he seemed possessed by the spirit of restlessness. Sometimes he was in London; sometimes in Scotland; sometimes in Paris, in Rome, or in the Riviera; but his visits (save one to Germany, on private business) were only long enough to see for himself what personages of importance were

amusing themselves in a place, and the personages in whom alone he appeared interested were English, or at least English-speaking.

Baron von Zellheim had the reputation of being a very rich young man, not because he had ever said that he was rich, but because he lived luxuriously and was a great friend of Macaire, who found the society of most poor men too dull, and because Macaire had hinted at his protegee's wealth.

And this was another cause of laughter to Macaire; for he had the best of reasons for knowing exactly what the Baron's income was, on what it depended and how long it would last. He rather liked Hope Newcome, though he was jealous of his strength, his youth, and his good looks; nevertheless, he looked forward to the day which he had set for the great crash—the day on which society should see how it had been fooled; the day on which F. E. Z.'s "friend" would learn what the early folly of F. E. Z. had done for him.

Though the scheme in which Dick was the leading marionette worked well, it worked slowly, and to hurry it on Macaire at last decided that the long-talked-of trip to Monte Carlo should be undertaken.

The night before starting he invited a number of very young men in a fast set to dine with him, and he entertained them afterwards by what he called "slumming." Having plied his guests with so much wine of many kinds that the world floated before their eyes in a haze of rainbow colors, he took them to a box at Winifred's music-hall, where they behaved so uproariously that they would have been turned out by the police had they been persons of less importance.

When Winifred appeared, Macaire led the applause, which his friends kept up so stormily that the poor girl was obliged to stand silently waiting for it to cease, conscious that Macaire was staring at her and that all the audience saw him stare. If Dick had not been at home in Park lane getting ready for the journey next day, even his anger might have been excited against the man who could do no wrong.

The trip to Monte Carlo was to be made in Macaire's steam yacht, which was supposed to be the second largest, the second handsomest, and the first in speed, on the seas. The millionaire took with him a party of a dozen friends, besides his highly favored secretary, and among these were several women more conspicuous for beauty than dignity, and not too particular to flirt a little with Dick Gray when for the moment there was no better way of keeping their hands in.

Every night after dinner they played poker, or bridge, or ecarte, in the beautiful cabin of the yacht, and stakes were high. Dick was asked to join, and could not bear to refuse. Fortunately for him, Macaire had made his own first bet, and, besides, luck was often with him; still, to play as the others played subjected him to a severe nervous strain.

Then came Monte Carlo, and—the beginning of the end. Life for Dick Gray began to be a brilliant dream, a delirium. Where everybody had plenty of money, he lost his head, and fancied that he had plenty, too. Macaire encouraged him in the fancy, and finding that the gambling rooms fascinated his secretary, he told him to "go in and win, and he is a good-plucked one." Beginners were always lucky. Who knew but Dick would break the bank, like that chap Wells, a few years ago? What was a sovereign here or there, when there was any fun to be had? He would see that Dick didn't come to grief.

Thus cheered into the thick of the fray, Dick let himself go, and ceased to resist the maddening excitement which sang in his veins a wonderful song. Rouge et Noir was the game which held him its willing slave, for he had evolved a system which worked well for a time. He won two hundred pounds in a couple of days, and as Macaire seemed to have forgotten that Dick was merely his secretary and not a guest with the others, there was plenty of time to spend in testing the system. But one night it failed—failed unaccountably. The two hundred pounds melted away like gold in a furnace. Dick's small savings from what he had made on board the "Diavola" followed, until, with his last three pounds, luck began again to change. He staked on red, and red won; on black, the same thing happened. He grew excited, and lost his all, but he was sure this was because in his confusion of mind he had forgotten the system. If he only had something to go on with!

Then he remembered that in his pocket was an uncommon trinket of Macaire's, which the millionaire had tossed to him that afternoon, carelessly asking if he would take it to be repaired. It was supposed, his employer had said, to bring luck to its possessor, and he was rather superstitious about the thing, having carried it with him in his pocket for years. Still, judging from Macaire's tone and indifferent way of handing it over to him for repairing, Dick did not believe that the millionaire really attached great importance to the fetich.

The young man searched in his pocket, and brought out in his hand a very curious jewel.

It was an exact representation of the Sphinx's head, exquisitely carved from a single large Egyptian moonstone, holding in its depths a marvelous blue light, radiant, elusive, like a soul imprisoned in the stone and striving to escape. Underneath was a small gold screw, by which the luck-giving talisman could be fastened into the coat or the pocket of the wearer for safety; and it was the screw which had been broken.

"I wonder if the bank would lend me anything on this?" thought Dick. "I could get the thing back in a few minutes, for I feel I should have luck, if I only had the chance. And supposing I should miff it, why, I need merely pretend that the jeweler hadn't finished his work till I could reclaim it. Macaire's such a good-natured fellow he wouldn't cut up rough at a little delay."

Dick regretted the roll of bank-notes with which Macaire had entrusted him

the day before to buy various more or less useless odds and ends that the millionaire fancied he wanted. The secretary had had forty or fifty pounds of his employer's in his pockets when he walked into the Casino last time, and, indeed, now he thought of it, Macaire had often thrust money upon him since coming to Monte Carlo. He had always faithfully disposed of it by carrying out the commissions, and last night's care had been no exception to the rule, for he had expended the money, according to instructions, the first thing in the morning. But now he wished that he had not been in such a hurry.

Macaire had encouraged him to try his luck at the gaming tables, and had said that he wouldn't "see him come to grief." Very likely he had meant his secretary to have plenty in his pocket, in case of emergencies, and had been too tactful to speak out bluntly. At all events, Dick thought now, in his almost frenzied desire to go on, that he would have "chanced it," had the money still been in his possession. In all probability he would have been able to replace it at once with his own winnings, and if not, he could have gone frankly to Macaire, confessing that he had borrowed something which he would repay out of his salary.

With the moonstone Sphinx, of course, it was different. If he could pledge it and obtain a few pounds to go on with now, and should be so very unfortunate as not to be able to redeem it to-night, he would not care to confess to Macaire, but he would have to confess to the bank when he could, which would certainly be soon, at worst, for it did not seem to him a thing worth more than seven or eight sovereigns at most.

He was shy of doing what was in his mind to do, not knowing whether he might be rebuffed or not; but as he stood not far from the table where he wished to be, gazing doubtfully at the moonstone and calculating its value, a voice addressed him in French. Looking up with a start he saw that the speaker was an elderly Parisienne, with bistre under her sunken eyes, rouge on her haggard cheeks, and a handsome, poppy-red evening dress emphasizing the emaciation of her figure.

Dick was not a French scholar, but he had learned the language with Winifred when they had both been children, and he could understand enough to hold his own in an ordinary conversation.

"Pardon me, monsieur, but that is a very charming ornament you have there," the lady in poppy color was remarking. "Quite unique. Will you allow me to look at it more closely? My great fad is uncommon jewels of all sorts."

Dick held out his hand, and a dyed head, sparkling with diamond combs and pins, was bowed over it. The lady did not attempt to touch the moonstone, as he had feared she might, but peered at it through her lorgnettes as it lay in his palm, crying out at its beauty.

"It is for luck, madame," Dick informed her.

"I thought it must be a fetich," she responded. "Intrinsically, perhaps, the jewel may not be worth more than five hundred francs" (Dick was astonished at so high an estimate), "yet the workmanship is perfect, and the stone has a rare light. How I wish that your talisman were for sale, monsieur! I would give you—in reason—what you liked to ask, that I might add it to my collection and also use it as a rival to my lucky pig" (laughing, she held out a golden pig, with ruby eyes), "which has lately betrayed me to-night."

"I don't see how I could very well sell it," stammered Dick, "though I was just wondering if I could raise money on the thing."

Perhaps the lady's experienced eyes had read some such purpose in his before addressing him.

"That would, I fear, be impossible here," she said. "I know the rules well; I confess to being an old habituee. Monsieur, if you will sell me the moonstone, I do not care for the gold screw with the initials; you could keep that. I would give you, this minute, one thousand francs. It is far more than you could get from a jeweler."

Dick's face flushed and he bit his lip. His eyes traveling wistfully to the pocket-book studded with gold and French notes which the lady in red was producing from a brocade silk bag that hung at her waist.

He told Macaire that he had lost it, and Macaire would believe him, especially if he kept the screw, which would be good evidence that the sphinx's head had come off. Macaire would not mind much; he would be sure to forgive, and say: "It doesn't matter."

With a thousand francs to stake all the bad luck of this evening could be retrieved. Something told him that it would be so.

"All right, you can have the Sphinx," he said, abruptly.

And the deal was closed. The lady had the jewel; Dick had the money; and the "something" which whispered hopefully of luck to come did not add that with the changing hands of the moonstone his future, his sister's future, and the future of two others would be changed as well.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

What the Light Showed.

Dick's spirit of prophecy had been a deceiving spirit. He lost his thousand francs.

Next morning Macaire said: "By the way, that moonstone Sphinx-head I gave you to have repaired. When will it be ready?"

The question came so abruptly, and the millionaire's look, to his secretary's stricken conscience, seemed so keen, that Dick grew confused, and instead of saying that he had lost the moonstone, and apologizing as he had intended, he stammered that the jeweler could not do the work for a day or two.

"Next time you're out just step in and tell him it will be a favor to me if he can let me have the thing to-morrow. The fact is, I feel quite lost without it," said Macaire; and Dick felt a sensation of coldness and weight in his breast.

Last night nothing had seemed of importance, except to get money; and his employer had appeared to care little more for the moonstone than for fifty other valuable odds and ends which he dived recklessly about, or even gave to Dick or his valet, if the mood seized him. Dick was very much frightened, and could settle himself to nothing all day.

In the afternoon Macaire asked him if he had been to the jeweler's yet.

"No," faltered Dick. "The fact is, I—"

He was on the point of beginning his made-up tale concerning the loss of

the jewel when the millionaire broke in, for the first time in his secretary's experience of him showing anger.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I can't get anybody to remember my wishes. What jeweler has the stone? I'll go to him myself."

Dick grew hot and cold. "No, no, Mr. Macaire," he implored. "I haven't forgotten, really. I was busy. I will go at once."

He went out into the street, not knowing what he should do. He had cut the ground away from under his own feet now, committing himself to the statement that he had made. Next time they met, if he could not satisfy Macaire that he had been to the jeweler's, the millionaire would insist upon having the man's name, and Dick would stand discredited. Something must be done at once, but what—what?

Suddenly he thought of the woman who had bought the jewel. If he could offer her the thousand francs she had paid, and at the same time throw himself upon her compassion, she might be induced to sell the moonstone back again. But first he must get the thousand francs, and then he must find the lady.

Having accomplished no more than evolving this plan, he returned to the hotel, where Macaire had taken several of the best suites for himself and his friends, since it had not been considered convenient to spend the nights on board the yacht.

"Well, have you been to the jeweler?" Macaire called from his private sitting-room as Dick would have passed the door.

"Yes," answered the young man desperately. "He will try to have the Sphinx-head ready by to-morrow night."

Ten minutes later Macaire went out, having shouted a request that Dick would write three or four letters for him while he was away.

Dick knew what his employer wished him to write, and sat down at his desk in the sitting-room where Macaire had left open. The millionaire was noted for his careless ways, and to-day he had left lying on the desk a roll of English bank-notes.

Dick looked at them, fascinated, then drew the roll towards him and began counting it over.

There were twenty ten-pound, six five-pound notes—two hundred and thirty pounds in all. Macaire was certain not to have taken the numbers, he had never been known to do such a thing, and money flowed like water through his hands. In all probability he was not aware how much this fat roll contained.

If several notes were abstracted he would not be the wiser; or even if he did discover his loss, after leaving the money lying out on his desk, he would not know whom to blame. One of the hotel servants would be suspected; but it would be unfair, in such circumstances, to make an accusation.

Feeling faint and sick, Dick selected five ten-pound notes, huddled them away in his pocket, and pushed the roll back into the drawer where it had lain. Luckily he had finished the letters first, so it would now have been impossible for him to have concentrated his mind upon writing a single line.

He had taken the first step; now for the second. And, hurrying out, he went to the Casino, hoping to find there the purchaser of the jewel, who had seemed to be a keen gambler, and had said that she was an "old habituee of Monte Carlo."

By his joy he presently spied her, absorbed in the game. But as he looked at her he saw the sphinx's head, evidently in use as a fetich.

He tried to speak, but she motioned him away; she was not to be interrupted. Again and again he implored her attention for a moment, but she flashed out at him in angry French that she would complain; she would have him removed if he disturbed her.

She was quite capable of keeping her word, and, fearing a scene, Dick was forced to wait upon her convenience. Time dragged on while he despaired; but at last Madame was satisfied, and thought, perhaps, of her dinner. Gathering up her winnings, which were considerable, she turned from the table and to Dick. She was a different woman now—soft and agreeable in manner as if she had never threatened vengeance. What was it that Monsieur wanted? Had he another jewel to sell?

Dick explained that his desire was to the contrary effect. But as the first words the hard, painted face grew harder. The lady was sorry that Monsieur regretted disposing of the fetich, but she could not think of giving it up. Already it had brought her great luck. No, there was no price he could name for which she would change her mind.

The unhappy young man poured arguments upon her; he had reason to believe the jewel had been stolen by the person who gave it to him; there would be trouble for Madame. But Madame would risk it, so she replied with a smile.

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You can feel as "fit as a lord" in hot weather if you eat sensibly. If you aren't entirely happy in hot weather, suppose you quit your way and try ours.

Take a cold sponge bath, dress leisurely, and sit down to a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit, and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Don't fear, you won't starve; on the contrary, that "lordly feeling" will take possession of you by much time.

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Look through the recipe book in each Grape-Nuts package for delicious puddings, entrees, salads, and desserts.

and the glint in her eyes caused Dick to regret this last suggestion. He feared that she might leave Monte Carlo.

Nothing that he could say would move her, and she airily remarked that if Monsieur persecuted her by following to her hotel she would certainly appeal to the police.

Dick was in a worse plight than before, for now he was doubly a thief and a failure. He determined that he would replace the money he had taken, since it had not availed his purpose, and would concoct the best story he could about the loss of the moonstone, saying that he had not confessed at first, hoping to find it.

By this time Macaire and his guests would be dining, for Dick was very late. Feeling certain of this, he went straight to the millionaire's sitting-room, which was apparently deserted and in semi-darkness. It was now the last of April, but as it was past eight o'clock the night was falling in deep blue dusk.

Dick stepped softly into the room, and groping his way to the desk which was near the window, felt for the roll of bank-notes, upon which—if it was in the place he had first seen and left it—he knew exactly where to put his hand. But suddenly the room was flooded with electric light; and, dazzled and blinking, Dick saw Macaire standing with a finger and thumb still on the electric button which he had just turned.

On the man's hideous face was a look which Dick had never seen before—a look that was fiendish.

"I was right, then; you are a thief," he said. "You whom I have made my friend. You have stolen my money."

Dick could not speak. His lips fell apart, his eyes stared.

"When I went out this afternoon I left on this desk a roll of bank-notes which I intended to devote to a certain purpose," Macaire went on. "There were two hundred and thirty pounds exactly. I had not been gone an hour when I remembered the money, and where I had put it. I should have thought it was safe, as I knew you would be writing letters at the desk, had I not heard while I was out a thing which gave me a shock and opened my eyes. You told me that you had taken my moonstone to a jeweler's, but a friend of mine who knew what it was like saw it at the Casino in the hands of a Frenchwoman, who was using it for luck. Knowing that I valued the thing, he asked the woman where she got it, and was informed that she had bought it last night of a young Englishman who wanted money for the game. Now, Gray, what have you to say to that?"

"I—I—" stammered Dick, like a school-boy arraigned by the master, "I meant to tell you. It was done in a moment of impulse."

"A moment of impulse!" sneered Macaire. "And it was in a moment of impulse that you took fifty pounds from the roll of money on my desk, relying on my carelessness, or meaning perhaps to put the theft on a servant?"

"Who—who dared to say that?"

"No one has said so. But you should have thought of your mother and sister."

"I must have been mad. For Heaven's sake, have mercy."

"None of that conventional cant, if you please. But you speak of your mother and sister. On one condition, and one only, will I spare you the punishment you deserve."

Dick's eyes, strained and bloodshot in his agony, grew bright.

"Tell me what it is and I'll do it—I'll do anything."

"It's not for you to do. I'll give you time to write home and get an answer by telegraph. If Winifred Gray cares enough for her brother to save him, she can."

"You want her to intercede for me?"

"I want her to buy you off."

Dick grew pale. "You mean—"

"I mean this. Two weeks from to-day

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I intend to be in London. I give a dinner on that night at nine o'clock to friends at my house. If she telegraphs you that she consents to come to that dinner you can go to England with me a free man. No one but ourselves need know what has happened. If she refuses you go to jail, and I stay on only long enough to see you through the court, and make sure you get the sentence you merit. Then I go and leave.

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with a pretty foot has a right to find fault with a shoe that conceals its beauty.
"Hagar" Shoes
are never guilty of this offence.
—SOLE AGENTS—
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you to think over your ingratitude in prison."

"Oh, if that is all," cried Dick, "she would do that, and more, for me, I know—for mother's sake, if not mine. But it is so strange that you should wish—"

"That's my affair and hers," broke in Macaire. "Write now; tell her what you have done, and what I mean to do. Tell her I will only wait to act until she writes her answer. Whether you are disgraced for life, as you richly deserve to be, or whether you are spared, depends entirely upon her decision. Sit down now and write. Make this clear to her. And when you have written your letter I will read it."

Dick half fell into the chair at the desk to which Macaire pointed, and, taking up a pen with fingers that shook almost too much to hold it, he began to write. As he wrote, bowing his face over his task, a tear or two fell on the letter, raising round blisters on the thick, creamy paper. He had always had the gift of writing, and now, after the first effort of beginning, he became eloquent, impassioned, in his appeal. He painted a terrible picture of his future as it would be if Winifred failed him, and he strove to show what a small thing, after all, was exacted of her by the eccentric whim of Lionel Macaire.

When he had signed himself her repentant and distracted brother, loving her, hoping alone in her, while on the verge of madness, he gave the letter to Macaire, who read it slowly.

"That will do," the latter pronounced at last. "She will get this the day after tomorrow. The same day you ought to receive her telegram. Meantime, I advise you to have an illness and keep to your room."

"You will allow me to do that?" Dick stammered.

"Till the wire comes; then we shall see. But I warn you, there is no use thinking of giving me the slip. The 'invalid' will be watched too carefully for that. And an attempt would only make matters worse for you in the end."

"There will be no such attempt," said Dick. "I promise."

Macaire sneered at him. "As though I'd take your word after what's happened! I shall have more than your promise to depend on. I'll post this letter. Now go to your kennel, like the whipped dog you are."

All Dick's blood seemed tingling in his face. His impulse was to strike and avenge this last insult; but his hand fell even as it clenched for lifting. The awful look in Macaire's marred face cowed him as if, indeed, he had been a whipped dog.

Turning without another word, he went to his room, Macaire following as far as the first threshold to watch him down the passage.

In quietness and darkness, with his door locked, he walked to the window that looked out upon the garish brightness of the rock-street town, blazing like a triple necklace of jewels against the blue velvet and gauze of sea and sky. If he chose—and dared—he might throw himself headlong out, and all would be ended. But no, he would not do that. He did not wish to die, leaving such a legacy of shame to his mother, for whom he longed now with a boy's homesick longing. She loved him dearly still, in spite of all, and there was nothing she could not forgive. That was the way with mothers. And Winifred would rescue him—Winifred, who had been partly right about Macaire, after all.

As he stood gazing miserably out upon the crowds of light-hearted people, whose merriment mocked him, there came a quick knock at the door. Dick went to it and listened for a few seconds, expecting he scarcely knew what; then in a low voice he demanded who was there.

"It's I—von Zellheim," came the answer; and with a hopeful leap of the heart Dick unlocked the door.

"Thank Heaven you're here!" he exclaimed when Hope Newcome was with him and the key turned again.

It was dark in the room, but Dick turned on the light, and Newcome uttered an ejaculation at sight of the younger man's face.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "Haven't you heard anything from Macaire?"

"No. I haven't seen him yet. I'm just from the train—straight from London. I asked for the number of your room, for I wanted a talk with you before I saw anybody else. You look rather queer. I hope you aren't ill, or have had bad news from home."

There was something so strong and dependable in the personality of this tall, dark young man in travelling dress, that Dick's miserable, homesick heart

When medicine fails, they sometimes send sick people away to another climate for their health. Sometimes the climate does it, but more often they stumble on the proper food to take, and then get well.

A lady in San Diego tells of a friend who left her home each December, for the past two winters, to go to California for her health. She says: "Almost all of her time was spent in visiting the doctor and sitting in a big chair and watching the clock to note the time for her next dose of medicine. Nervousness was her principal trouble, and with others of kindred nature, made life for her a burden."

"On the occasion of her last visit I begged her to give up the use of coffee and use Postum Coffee. She replied that she could not stop coffee. I said no more at the time, but the next morning at breakfast I passed her a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, making it as it should be made. After that I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her."

"We began to notice it within less than a week. In less than a month her nervousness had left her, and in three months she was a new woman in face, figure, and health. I had not dared to hope for so much benefit, although I had been greatly benefited myself by Postum, but coffee to her system was simply poisonous, and I believe this is the case with many others. She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors and medicine failed to do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Very Different From Last Year.



"Your circulars," complained the early arrival at the seaside resort, "say that some new and important changes have been made in your hotel, yet it seems just as it did last year."

"My dear sir," answered the proprietor, "have you not noticed that the clerk has his diamond reset and parts his hair on the side instead of in the middle?"

went out to him. The need of confession, the desperate longing for someone to stand his friend, broke down the barriers of shamed vanity which would have hedged round the secret of his guilt; he blurted out the story of his own folly, leaving nothing untold save only the condition that Macaire had made. Instinctively he knew what Newcome's feelings would be at having a girl like Winifred dragged in. He was afraid that Newcome might even try to prevent Winifred from accepting Macaire's terms.

"Macaire threatens to call in the police and charge me as a common thief," he said, "and all for sheer spite. He's got his money, and as for that wretched bauble, who would have dreamed, with all the jewelry which he throws about, that he cared a rap for it? But oh, von Zellheim, if there was any way of getting the thing again. You used to be friendly with Winnie. You'd take some trouble for her sake still, perhaps, though she's treated you so badly, if only to show that you don't bear malice. You're such a good-looking chap, and have such a way with you, that you can do anything with women. For Heaven's sake try to see this old hag who made a fool of me, and get the moonstone Sphinx's head—"

"What!" exclaimed Newcome, with a sudden start. "Macaire's jewel—that you sold—is it a blue moonstone carved into a Sphinx's head, with a gold screw underneath, engraved with the initials 'F.E.Z.'?"

"You've seen it, then?" cried Dick. "No; but I'd give much to see it. Have I described it rightly?"

"It's exact. The screw, with the initials in little letters at the top is in my pocket. The she-fiend didn't care for it."

"Let me look," said Newcome. "And I'll promise you to get that Sphinx's head if I move Heaven and earth to do it."

"Heaven bless you!" ejaculated Dick. "I hope it will. But it's a selfish wish. I came to England to find the man who had that Sphinx's head. I came from England to Monte Carlo to see if Lionel Macaire was that man."

(To be continued.)

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.
Laxative Bromine Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

BOOK 5

THE first volume of a new and noteworthy publication, "Morang's Annual Register of Canadian Affairs," being the volume for 1901, has just been issued. The editor is Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, well known as a publicist on Canadian and Imperial subjects. Messrs. Morang & Co. have shown commendable and characteristic enterprise in undertaking the publication of a work which, however needed and how ever welcome, can scarcely be as profitable, at least for many years to come, as many other classes of books. For this new work all the matter must be specially prepared and of exclusive character, and the services of an editor and staff will require to be devoted almost steadily to the gathering of data for the yearly volume; in addition, the entire cost of mechanical production—composition, proofreading, press-work, etc.—must be borne by a single Canadian edition, not spread over several markets, as in the case of works of like substantial character, first produced in England or in the United States and imported either finished or partly so into the Canadian market. It can therefore be understood that Messrs. Morang have undertaken considerable liability in venturing to provide Canadians, and foreign readers interested in Canadian affairs, with an exhaustive and creditably made annual of this sort, and their confidence in the project is deserving of cordial support.

The first volume has 540 large octavo pages, inclusive of indexes, and covers in a most thorough manner a great variety of topics, subdivided under the following heads: Governments of the Empire in 1901; Governments of Canadian Provinces; Members of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada; Daily Newspapers in Canada; Canadian Agriculture; Mineral Development; Forests and Fisheries; Manufacturing Industries; Trade and Commerce; the Finances of Canada; Canada and the Crown; the Royal Tour of Canada; Canada and the War; Education in Canada; Transportation Interests; Population

and Immigration; Government and Politics; Financial Interests; Canadian Obituary for 1901; and, lastly, very complete indexes.



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BE SURE YOU GET Clark's

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W. CLARK, MANUFACTURER, MONTREAL.

and John Law lives to arrive in France, to inflate the bubble of speculation for the Regent, the dissolute Duc d'Orleans, to plunge France into a whirl of fortune-making, and to see her, in spite of his daring warnings to the Regent, victimized by that ever old, ever new foolishness of speculation. The love that met John Law at the threshold of the tale gleams here and there, just to show it still burns, however tricked and dishonored, and the climax of the story will afford some satisfaction to sentimental readers. Emerson Hough, a newspaper man in Chicago, has written a good story of a bad man, who was not without heroism, but whose deeds and words and principles are all more than likely to land him in jail, where, in truth, he spends some anxious weeks during the story. The Mississippi Bubble part of the tale is a lurid era in France's degeneration, and is frankly told. It is, historically, the scheme to develop the fabulous resources of Louisiana and the Mississippi country, and was incorporated in 1717. The Regent's supper, when disreputable court beauties and dissolute nobles assemble to see the premier jewel of France placed by the Regent on the brow of Mary Conynge and hear instead John Law's denunciation of his erstwhile light of love, is strongly and dramatically worked up. Mr. Hough struck an historic episode which should particularly appeal to his fellow-citizens who breathe in the atmosphere of "boom" with their Nestle's food. Me-Leod & Allen have published this tale in Toronto, and some quaint and dainty illustrations and a striking and novel cover design add to its attractions.

Policeman Barney Flynn is a funny fellow, just the most natural of Irish "Bobbies," with a wife whose methods leave nothing to be desired. Mrs. Flynn is as quick as her husband is deliberate in thought, and their confabs are ludicrous in the extreme. Every chapter of "Policeman Flynn's" experience is a side-light on the famous line in Sir Arthur Sullivan's comic opera, "The Policeman's lot is not a happy one." Laws that don't work well, order books that convict the good policeman himself, smart Ales who gully him and a school teacher daughter who tutors him, burglars whom he can't convict and prisoners who entrap him, all these trials are comically related in the tale of Policeman Flynn, who sits down by the side of Mr. Dooley in the court of Momus. The book is by Elliott Flower, and the Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have published it in Toronto. The clever and sketchy illustrations are by Frederic Dorr Steele, and enhance the personality of Barney Flynn by their aptness and fun.

The second volume of the "Sportsmen's Library" put out by the Macmillans is that dealing with the upland game birds, and is by a Canadian writer, Mr. Edwin Sandys, who has for some time been domiciled in New York in connection with his work upon the "Outing" magazine. Mr. Sandys had the task of writing this book upon short notice, and it must be said that he has acquitted himself well, and fully justified the confidence placed in him by the editor of the series. The various chapters deal in frank and breezy manner with the habits and peculiarities of the better known game birds of our covers or fields, the bob white quail, the different grouse, the woodcock, the plover, the wild turkey, etc., with chapters also upon the

less generally popular game birds, such as the mourning dove, the sandhill crane, the ptarmigan, and others. The author's handling of his themes is brisk, breezy, almost boyishly enthusiastic; which is good in that it brings us the taste of the outdoor air. His experiences would appear to have been most largely in the north, the east, and the north-west, partly or largely upon Canadian soil; but for the most part he writes out of a personal participation in the scenes described—although not always, as one must believe. Aside from its conventional Latin, it does not pretend to be a book of erudition; yet there may well be claimed for it the flavor of the sky and fields and woods with which it has to do. And that is far better for the purposes in hand than erudition, or even than thoroughness. So far as I am aware, this is the first time Mr. Sandys has been between covers. He has not yet fully differentiated the journalistic from the literary art, the making of magazine stories from the making of broad and simple special treatises upon a series of kindred topics; yet certainly his work shows valuable marks of promise. He has the love and enthusiasm, and he has the touch—Emerson Hough in the Chicago "Tribune."

Ralph Connor, who is a "find" of the "Westminster," and whose "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glen-garry," and "Beyond the Marshes," all appeared first in the paper, opens a new series of his inimitable sketches in the "Westminster" this month, entitled "Glen-garry School Days," in which the fortunes of Hughie Murray are taken up. It is in sketch work of this kind that Ralph Connor excels, and his readers are promised a rare treat, and the "Westminster" in its new form has in this, as in other features, great attractiveness to Canadian readers.

"St. Margaret's Chronicle."
We are in receipt of the midsummer number of the "St. Margaret's Chronicle," the entire contents of which are the work of the young lady pupils of St. Margaret's College. The number—a handsome thirty-page booklet, in yellow cover—contains many short stories, some of which show distinct literary appreciation; and these, together with attractive cuts of scenes in and about the college, as well as short paragraphs of college gossip, make up a very creditable ladies' college publication.

Shop Talk.
It was midnight in the machine-shop, and all was silent until the rasping voice of the file was heard to say: "I have rubbed up against lots of hard things in my life, but this Harveized steel job has completely worn me out."

"Well," said the lathe sympathetically, "I have done many a hard turn myself."

"Life is a great bore," supplemented the gimlet.

"A continual grind," put in the emery-wheel roughly.

"With many a broken thread," added the steam-pipe in hollow accents.

"Calm yourselves," advised the dam- age, as wheel; "there may be a revolution soon."

"Don't mind him," said the soldering fluid acidly. "Everyone knows he is cracked."

And in the confusion which followed the gas escaped.—"Judge."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. 15. TORONTO, JULY 19, 1902. NO. 36.

To Our Readers.

Subscribers who contemplate a change of address for a few weeks will confer a favor by notifying this office early. Any irregularity in delivery by our agents should be promptly reported. No trouble to change your address and no postage to pay. If you buy "Saturday Night" on the street ask this office to send it to you while on vacation. Terms, five cents weekly.



OUTDOOR PASTIMES

THE making of a record is not the loose, haphazard thing that many people fairly well versed in sporting events often suppose. The authentic records which now represent the greatest achievements in the athletic world are the bona fide results of the most careful timing of official timekeepers, conducted with scrupulous and minute attention to every detail; so that the figures which now indicate the best time in which the great events such as the 100 and the 220-yard dash, the quarter and the mile have ever been run may safely be taken as absolutely correct.

A writer in the current number of "Outing" talks entertainingly of the recent marvelous performance of Arthur F. Duffy in the inter-collegiate games at Berkeley Oval, wherein this young athlete reduced the record for the 100-yard dash to 9.35 seconds, said to be the fastest time in which the distance has ever been covered. The fifth part of a second seems a period of time so short as to be almost inconsiderable, and yet to top even that much off the 100-yard record has been the aim of sprinters for over a decade. A fifth of a second—surely, we think, the sprinter who could run a hundred yards in 9.45 could make one grand effort and bring the figures down to 9.35; and yet from the day, now nearly twelve years ago, when the young Westerner, John Owen, Jr., surprised the crack Eastern runners by beating all competitors and bringing the record down to 9.45 seconds, until May 31st last, that mark stood. Owen's performance was equalled many times, but not until the advent of Duffy was the distance covered in better time. All this would seem to preclude the lapse of many years before the record is again lowered. All that can be done for an athlete in the way of training has no doubt been done for Duffy, and until a greater than Duffy shall arise no further lowering of the figures seems possible.

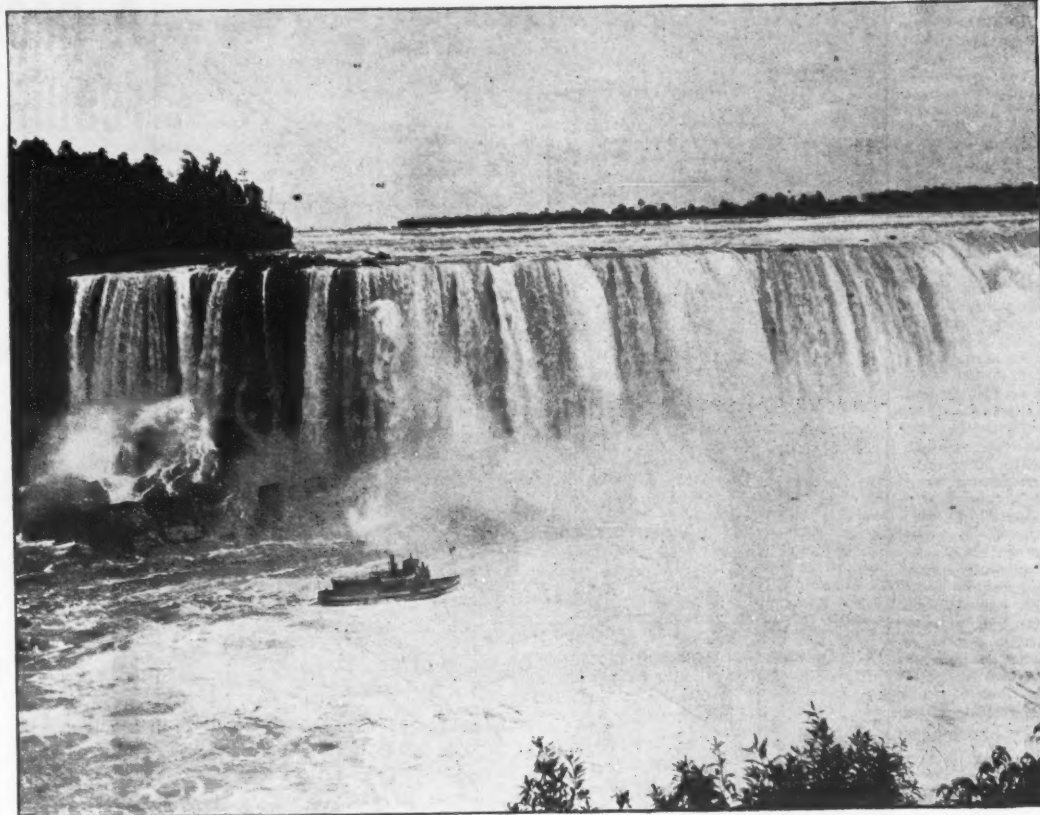
Speaking of records, in the water sports of the Toronto Swimming Club at the Island last Saturday, the American swimming record of 70 seconds for the hundred yards was equalled by Joe Wilson, the club's treasurer. Quite an interesting programme, consisting of fancy diving and life-saving practice, was watched by many visitors to the Island. In the game of water polo which concluded the afternoon's events the opposing sides were rather too unevenly matched to give a really first-class exhibition, but with the rearrangement of players promised for future contests the game, which is really fascinating under almost all conditions, can hardly fail to furnish a very attractive spectacle.

As predicted, the Dominion Lawn Bowling Tournament on the R.C.Y.C. grounds proved the most successful in the history of the association. The weather throughout was almost ideal, and apart from the interest evoked by many exciting finishes, the good-fellowship prevailing amongst the contestants made the meet most enjoyable. The Walker trophy was captured by Mr. C. Boeckh's rink of the Canada Club, which won out from the Brampton rink skipped by Mr. J. N. Laird. In the Association game Mr. E. T. Lightbourne's Victoria rink was the winner, and in the Consolation event Mr. W. J. McMurtry of the Granites was successful. In the points competition Mr. F. J. Lightbourne stood first, with Mr. J. S. Moran and Mr. W. R. Hill tied for second place.

In the championship tennis tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake Beals C. Wright of Harvard University won the championship of Canada. Miss Hagne of Montreal the ladies' singles, and the brothers Beals C. and Irving Wright the men's doubles. The games were played on the courts of the Queen's Royal and attracted many spectators.

Up to Saturday last the record of the Toronto Lacrosse Club was all that could have been desired. Their all-conquering tour abroad, supplemented by decisive victories over the deceptively hands representing two Montreal clubs, was a beautiful thing to contemplate, and it seemed rude and inconsiderate in the extreme for those rough fellows from Cornwall to so insist on monopolizing the handling of the ball as to quite alter Toronto's standing in the big league. They checked and slugged in such a harsh manner as to make Toronto sigh for the gentle games on the greens of old England, and wound up by scoring four best goals.

In a game at Montreal between the Nationals and the Montreals the spectators were treated to a delightful alternation of scraps and alleged lacrosse. It has been suggested that future games between these two star aggregations be decided by "rounds." Marquis of Queen-berry



CANADIAN SCENES.—V. THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

rules to govern. The Nationals were given the decision in Saturday's game.

In the Senior C.L.A. the four clubs are giving almost ideal exhibitions of the national game. The Tecumsehs were beaten at St. Catharines in a fast, clean game, and at Orangeville the home team only succumbed to Brantford after a hard-fought game wherein they are said to have been the victims of the most persistent ill luck.

Golf Must be Standardized.

SPEAKING of the multiplicity of new golf balls, each warranted to be a good driver or unexcelled for approach shots, "Truth" observes that all these inventions are very interesting in their way, but they are not golf. The long driver who can do his 180 yards gets little if any advantage from the new ball. The majority of links have been laid out to give the long driver an advantage, but too great length would be just as likely to be punished as a short and indifferent drive. On the other hand, the moderate driver at once gets an advantage; owing to his ball he will be on an equal footing with the long driver. His skill as a golfer has not increased. He can afford an expensive ball, and so he gets an advantage over his equals who are less affluent, and also over the long driver, who has to give him strokes on the handicap. If, then, the ball, and not the player, is to become the determining factor in a competition, it will be necessary to handicap a golfer according to the ball with which he is playing, just as cyclists were handicapped when they first used pneumatic tires or highly-geared safeties. Such a state of affairs would add another serious complication to the ordinary difficulties of the Handicap Committee. Some genius will have to calculate the advantage of the Haskell or Kempshall ball when played with by the mythical colonel, and the sum so arrived at will be the fixed penalty in all handicaps for those who use the balls on those links. The same penalty would have to apply in all scratch competitions, whether championships or not. Either this will have to be done, or else there must be a standard golf ball adopted by St. Andrew's. The latter is the true and proper course to take. In cricket, balls, bats, wickets and bats are standardized. The inventive genius of the "American" cannot invent new cricket balls with bias or thumb-holes to give the bowler a grip and enable him to get on a spin. The fact that all the tools of cricket have been reduced to a standard and cannot be invented out of existence is, perhaps, one reason why the "Americans" never took kindly to the game. However, the "American" inventor has now made it quite possible to revolutionize golf by increasing the range of the ball.

To Strike or Not to Strike?

THIS was the question discussed at the regular monthly meeting of the local circle of the International Horses and Mules' Union. A list of grievances was prepared and unless the owners of horses make some effort in the next month to remove these causes of discontent a strike will be ordered. This decision was reached after a quiet but earnest discussion of conditions past and present. Several members pointed out that horses have almost always tried by hard work, patience and cheerfulness to gain proper treatment from their owners, but, although a great many horses are being well treated, many others are suffering from men's cruelty and neglect. Other members expressed sorrow at the necessity of striking against their owners, who were kind and thoughtful, but they saw no way out of the difficulty except a general strike. It was also pointed out that a strike to be effective must be declared before horseless conveyances became common. The following are the demands made by the union:



The British Premier—Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

- (1) A reasonable day's work, hay and a half to be allowed for overtime.
- (2) Proper food and plenty of pure water at a temperature suited to the season.
- (3) Six consecutive days to be a week's work.
- (4) Hours of labor to interfere as little as possible with feeding and resting hours.
- (5) All stables must be properly lighted, well ventilated, kept in a sanitary condition and at a suitable temperature.
- (6) The check-rein must be long enough to admit of free movement of the head.
- (7) Horses must be left in possession of their tails.
- (8) Incompetent driving and leaving a horse too long on the street to be punishable offences.
- (9) Every horse to be allowed six hours per day, during the summer, in a meadow.
- (10) Special consideration must be given to sick and aged horses.

Several other demands were suggested but not adopted. The lady members made a vigorous kick at the style of bonnet now in use and were very anxious to require their owners to provide a new bonnet with bright-colored ribbons, but as the rest of the union were thankful for a hat of any kind the suggestion was not entered on the list of grievances.

The members are willing to submit their trouble to arbitration, and ask the assistance of all lovers of animals in getting their demands satisfied. Accompanying the request for the assistance of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" was a large grant of thankfulness and appreciation for aid given by the society in the past.

A number of circus horses, members of various other unions, were much interested in the discussion. They promised the assistance of all the circus horses, and the active help, if necessary, of the whole menagerie. They realized that the wild animals lacked horse sense, but they assured the union that, from the monkey to the elephant, their sympathy would be with the strikers. They also reported that the other animals wished to have the strike declared at once, as their plan of action was complete and their stay limited to a week. The plan was as follows: During the street parade at a signal from one of the elephants the horses would stop. The elephants would at once set free the other animals, and the whole menagerie would play hide-and-go-seek, bear in the bush, the farmer's in his den, tag, and several other strenuous games. The elephants would be delighted to play with wagons, street cars, trees, etc., and all the wild animals were simply dying to have a fight with the militia and the general public. They promised to give the greatest and liveliest free show on earth.

A great many colts in the union are longing for a strike, but the older members would much prefer a peaceable settlement of what they claim to be reasonable demands. Several horse owners were asked their opinion as to the possibility of a strike. Some had already granted their horses the conditions demanded by the union and wondered that the other horses had not kicked long ago; other owners seemed surprised at the proposed action of the union, their opinion being that anything was good enough for a horse.

A Bicycle Incident.

He was wheeling thro' the country,
Beneath the shady trees;
The day was pleasant, warm and clear—
There stirred a gentle breeze.

A farm-house soon appeared in view
And rapidly drew nigh;
The occupants stood at the door
To see the bike scorch by.

He passed the house at lightning speed
And coasted down the hill.
When a small fat pig strolled out upon
The road and there stood still.

Too late to turn aside—he yelled!
The pig was there to stay!
It was a most pig-headed pig
To stand there in his way.

A crash! a squeal! and pig and bike
And eye't all lay low.
It was an awful shame to hear
Him bleat(?) that poor pig so.

A parson coming up just then
Said, "My poor wounded brother,
You should not curse the pig like that—
You should love one another."

Toronto. F. BRUCE CAREY.

Shakespeare Shown Up.

The following is a criticism of "Hamlet" by a genius in New South Wales: "There is too much chinning in the piece. The author is behind the times, and appears to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands of a skilful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their number eleven. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet checks his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation, and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up. Our advice to the author is a little more action, a little more sentiment and a fair share of variety business in his next piece. In the specialty arts of the play-scene he entirely missed his opportunities."

A Bright Woman's Letter.

Mount Baker Hotel, Victoria, B.C.

YOU will see by the heading we have arrived at "the other ocean," and are much delighted with our trip. I do not mean to fill up this letter with geographical facts—you can read them up much better in the (as R. called it) annotated time table. It might be better to ask for the annotated time table, but once having got it you can call it what you like. Well, to go back for a moment to our journey, the monotony of our trip through New Ontario was relieved by the arrival at a wayside station of a Yankee—one of the virulent type. He seemed very ill; the friend travelling with him was greatly agitated; our porter was all attention; even the conductor seemed concerned. They must have telegraphed ahead, for when we stopped—I think it was at Huntsville—a young doctor of callow appearance bolted on the train, bag in hand; you could see him diagnose as he walked down the aisle of the Pullman to where the patient (or victim) lay. By the time he got there he had made up his mind what to give him, and although the patient showed an inclination to describe how he felt, the doctor appeared to consider that superfluous, and hurriedly took two kinds of pellets and one powder from his bag, shoved all three hurriedly into the patient, left him a quantity to repeat the dose "after a while, say two hours, sir," picked himself up, shut his bag with a snap, told the patient that would fix him up he was sure. "Oh, yes, the gentleman had paid him when he got on the car," and bounced out.

Now, I was not consulted in this case, but I was taking notes, and in my own mind thought the sick man might be recovering from a spree. However, he still had faculty enough remaining after the doctor went out to say to his friend, "I'll take a Hutch as well," which he did, and before long relapsed into first slumber, then snores, which helped to make the car rock worse than ever. Finally he woke up so much better that I more than ever felt I understood his case!

Well, time passed, and in due course we reached Fort William, where we got out and admired the grain elevators, as they were the most prominent feature of the landscape, stretched our legs by a ten minutes' walk; "all aboard," and we were off again once more.

We got to Winnipeg Sunday morning at six o'clock. There was a good reason for not applying the ten minutes there to the same exercise as at Fort William. Six a.m. is no time for walking, except in your sleep. We got our first glimpse of the prairies—I should not say we, for Mr. — had been over them twice before. They were more wooded than I expected to find them. It was a fine sunny day; everything looked hopeful, but as we progressed I could not help feeling the dreadful monotony of the life with such surroundings, especially for women. Professor Macoun, the Government naturalist, from Ottawa, was on the train. He is on his way to the Yukon on work for the Government. He told us the effect of prairie life is terrible to some temperaments. The men have the interest of their occupation, come home at night too tired for anything but sleep, but the poor women out on those desolate wilds—many go crazy. I heard of one child nine years old who was brought to the city after her mother's death. She had lived out of sight of a neighbor all her life, and the only sign of an outside world was when from her cottage door she caught the swirl of an engine's smoke just seen against the horizon. By evening of Sunday we came into a part of the prairie more devoid of trees—in fact, by eight o'clock at night you could see from one side to the other of the horizon with nothing but pasture land, an occasional slough, many dry, with grass-grown track the buffalo had made in his time, coming down to the waterside to drink. These paths are still quite discernible; though now covered by grass the indentations remain, and as I looked at their zigzag course, so many of them, all to the same end, I thought how we too cut our zigzag course in life to the edge of the stream that divides our life and across which no traveller returns.

By Monday morning we got to Calgary, a thriving town all bustle, electric light, and many signs of modern progressiveness. There was a great throng at the station—all sorts and conditions of men. The Bow River we here made acquaintance with. A well named stream it is. It is in high flood at present owing to recent rains. The well wooded country seemed wonderfully picturesque after the desolate prairies.

Nothing of great interest presented itself until we reached the Rockies. Unfortunately about this time rain set in and much of the effect was lost. But we forgave it all when Old Sol shone out just as we got to the Kicking Horse Pass. I could make lots of jokes about this place before I saw it, but the awe as you sweep through at what seems a rapid speed for such a place (hundreds of feet above the gorge, with swift water running below and masses of rock across the bank rising to immense heights, with snow-clad peaks, such wonderful light and shade) knocks all the nonsense and flippancy out of you. I just could only gasp and wonder. The scenery continued fine and interesting, but nothing we saw in the Rockies impressed me as the Selkirk. If I were as rich as H. P. and buying mountains, other things being equal, I should say, "Take the Selkirk." Before quite passing from the Kicking Horse Pass perhaps you might like to hear that at one point on the side of the rock can be seen the figure of a horse and rider. That is why it is called the Kicking Horse Pass. Like many a kicking horse I have met before, I let it pass, but this time for the peculiar reason that although the news-agent, who sells photographs, tried very hard to make us, I could not make it out. There was one woman, an English traveller, after a great deal of kicking saw the "horse"—as we all could see the pass she was complete, and no doubt felt a satisfaction the rest of us were denied. The scenery continued from one marvel of interest to another all that day. On Tuesday morning we came to the canons of the Fraser River. On the opposite bank from the railway you can still see where the old coach road ran, and it seems incredible that any horse and vehicle could ever accomplish such a journey. The river is navigable to Yale, but now the train takes the traffic and the boats are discontinued. Yale, an important outfitting post for miners at one time, is now only a way station where some trains stop. Denald, once of like importance, now has no house you can see that preserves the convenience of windows or doors. We passed lots of miners' cottages built within six feet of the railway track to their front door, and less than that to the top of the ravine, perpendicular for three hundred feet below. I saw young children in these cabins. I suppose they were what remained from "falling off." A lonely sight was the little graveyard adjoining many of these cabins, in some cases just at their door, as near as a garden, if they had had one! I did not tell you anything of the snow sheds, comparatively lately constructed to overcome the difficulties and dangers caused by the snowslides from the mountain sides. From an engineering standpoint they are very interesting; from a purely tourist point of view they are accepted.

We got to Victoria at 6.30 Tuesday night, exactly to the minute, as advertised. Some people object to precision as tiresome; for my part I like it, especially in railway officialdom. M. M. G.

The Love-Letter Craze.

"I suppose that work in sixty volumes is an encyclopedia." "No; it is called 'The Love Letters of a Mormon Elder.'—Smart Set."

Neither a reputation nor a fence can be strengthened by whitewash.—Judge.

When a mug begins to kick at de rut he's in it's up to him for him to climb out. If he don't get a move on him den de foist ting he knows de rut is so deep he can't climb out, nohow; and dat queers his noive. He just plays de old like a duffer, all his life.—Chimmie Fadden.



AT RIVERDALE PARK.

The picnic as a means of recreation is pretty generally looked upon as a bore. It is said to have just enough of civilization about it to be a nuisance and not enough of barbarism to make life seem a luxury. As a compromise an afternoon at Riverdale Park is coming rapidly into favor in Toronto. In addition to its advantages in beautiful flowers, velvety lawns, shady walks and easy access from the city, Riverdale has the added attraction of a zoo, and the zoo as a means of inducing the youngster to nag his parents into spending an afternoon at the park is unrivalled. Hence it is that each succeeding summer day sees increasing crowds at Riverdale. Family parties, with lunches neatly packed in pasteboard boxes, arrange themselves on the grass and only leave when a litter of greasy back numbers of the "Family Herald," broken egg shells, and stray slices of bread wherein the capacious mouth of the son and heir has wrought the contour of the horseshoe, marks the place where they have been. The young man in the white duck pants and "real Panama" hat who swelters through the afternoon with a handkerchief neatly tucked round his neck, in an attempt to entertain his young lady friend goes home with a strawberry effect on each knee and the consciousness of a day well spent. To the small boy the old fascination of standing in front of a cage labelled "Do not feed or annoy the animals" and slyly poking the beast with a stick is as strong as ever, and the child's generous though perverse impulse to share his lunch with the ferocious occupant of the cage is still apparent. The lion is made to roar dismally, and the "Arctic polar bear" is induced to reach his huge paw through the bars only to be tantalized by the withdrawal of the proffered treat.



"The son and heir."

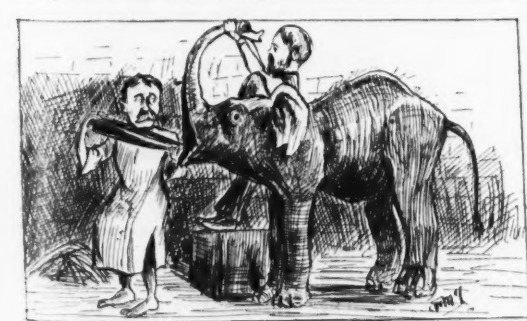
The educational advantages of an afternoon at the zoo are at once apparent. Comparatively few people can claim to have known prior to a visit there that a common, ordinary coon can be properly referred to as the "Procyon Lotor," or that simple little chipmunks with perfect safety be called "Tamias Striata." Who of us would have recognized the "Sciurus Ludovicianus" if we had met it in the bush, and yet that is the name that the cunning little foxes are wearing through the hot summer weather. The monkeys at Riverdale, in spite of the fact that their cage is labelled "Macacus Rhesus," are evidently not exempt from the small annoyances common to their species. They occasionally have "bites," and it is the funniest thing imaginable to see one of these little fellows after scratching himself vigorously and failing to find relief, summon a brother monkey to help him corner the invader. The sufferer indicates the seat of the trouble and the other goes over the ground very carefully, turning over one hair at a time, until he locates the offender, which he pounces upon and devours. This performance never fails to elicit an "encore" from the spectators. There are cages of black and brown bears, and a huge polar bear occupies a den in the center of the park. The lions are strong drawing cards and near them cages of eagles, owls, wolves, prairie dogs, monkeys, and nearly all manner of varicolored fowl add to the attractiveness of the zoo.

This week, however, the little Riverdale cage is shrouded in gloom. The untimely demise of Princess Rita, so young, so amiable and kind—has cast its shadow over the zoo. Some time ago the Princess ended her life by eating with other food an ordinary carpet tack. She became lodged in her jaw and so interfered with the assimilation of hay and other dainties that on Sunday night last she was seized with acute indigestion. Physicians were hastily called in, and although the Princess was easily in-



"Locates the offender."

duced to absorb, among other remedies, a small keg of linseed oil, she never rallied, and at three o'clock on Monday morning passed peacefully away. Her death is causing widespread grief, and the faces of children by whom Princess Rita had come to be looked upon as a personal friend, no less than those of the street railway officials, wear expressions of settled melancholy.



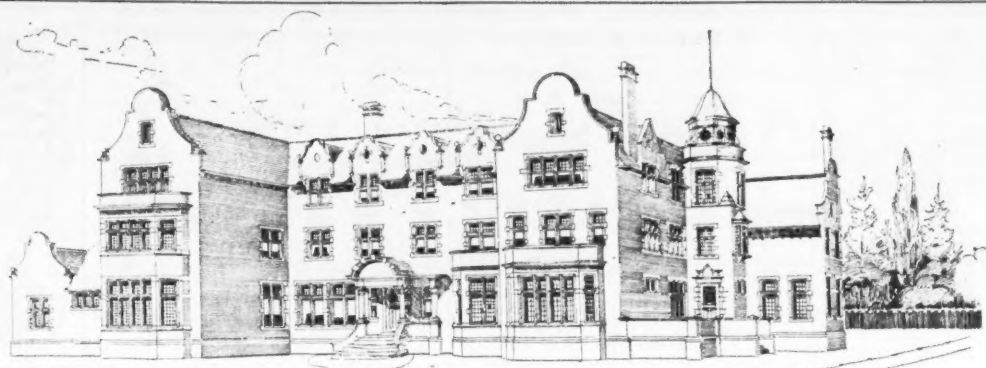
Dosing Princess Rita.

Suggestions are constantly being made looking towards the improvement of the zoo, and it is only a question of time when Riverdale will have one of the best exhibits on the continent. The ribald—or rebalbed—proposal to include some of this year's civic administration in the collection is meeting with no little favor. There is a new cage in process of construction next to the polar bear's, and, if not objectionable to the bear, nor likely to crowd out any other freak, it is pointed out that this would be an ideal place for an exhibit of municipal "queer things." The suggestion is offered as worthy the careful consideration of the taxpayer.

QUILT.



The light of Calm Resistance, night and day.
Guides to the harbor of the Higher Way;
Yet battered barques go sometimes drifting in,
Through sullen splendors of Remembered Sin.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY'S NEW RESIDENCE FOR GIRL STUDENTS.
(Now being built.)

When Thompson-Seton's Ernest.

He loves the sparrow tame,
And the Johnny bear so wild,
He doesn't know his name,
But he's Nature's happy child.

"Do you think he'll come?" said the Coyote.
"Of course," answered the Kootenay Ram impatiently, "doesn't he always come to see us?"
"He's becoming too intense to suit me. I never did care for metaphysics. I'm like Kipling. I like men who do things. I'd have you know that I'm no muldied oaf."

"Really, Krag, you're becoming too sensitive. I wish you'd turn the glare of your splendid amber eyes in another direction. You needn't try any of your hypnotic tricks in this park."

"Hypnotism!" echoed the Pacing Mustang, with a snort; "Krag doesn't know a thing about it. He's purely primitive—nothing but brute force."

"Last year," said Molly Cottontail, "I heard that Seton Thompson—"

"What's that?" inquired the Chickadee. "There's no such person. He told me himself that he's Mr. Ernest Seton."

"Oh! Everyone knows that the Chickadee goes crazy once a year. You can't be in Ernest, you know," said Tito.

"But I insist upon it," said the Chickadee, angrily. "Ask Silverspot. It's all over the woods."

"I'm afraid, my friends, that Chickadee is telling the truth," said Silverspot, sadly, "but, after all, what's in a name?"

"If you quote that thing," said Bingo wearily, "I'll cut the crowd of you. It's bad enough for Ernest to confuse us in this way, just as we were beginning to feel acquainted."

"I always thought," continued the Pacing Mustang, "that the fellow had horse sense. But if he had consulted me about this change in the name of the firm, I should have said him neigh."

"We mustn't judge him too harshly," said Chink. "When a man gets rich he must have amusement. Some men take to yachting, some to the woods, and others take to studying the hyphens in the family. We're not proud, and we'll recognize him, even with an alias."

"Well," said Vixen, quietly, "here he comes, and we'd better treat him as if nothing had happened."

All these things had I heard from wild animals, which I had not known. They had been so absorbed in their discussion that I had gone unnoticed. But now, as I watched the Chaser of the Stag approach, I felt that it was well to have overheard the conversation of his friends, for there was a heavy cloud on his brow, and the burden of a double name seemed to press sorrowfully upon his soul.

"Eh! What is this? You are not—"

"I am not one of them," I said, genially. "I've just been listening to a little conversation."

"Were they discussing me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Well, yes. They weren't just sure about the name."

"I hoped they hadn't heard about it. But there's no concealing anything in these days."

"You are Mr. Ernest Thompson—"

"Call me Ernie, if you want to be friendly. The papers won't let me alone."

"Why don't you call yourself Hobo or Swab or Ringo? It would be so effective and would seem to identify you with the rest."

"You don't understand," he said, crossly. "Seton is an ancient Scottish name—"

And Thompson is just about as old, and a little more common. But when I read your books by any other name, and all hyphens look alike to me."

"What is most provoking is that this disturbance interferes with my work. Just as I am seated on a peak in Colorado, ready to sketch a bear or two, the telephone rings and Serenaders want to know if Seton-Thompson is there. When I try to explain that it's Ernest Seton, they think I'm the wrong man. Then the 'Ladies' Home Journal' will ring up in a hurry for Mr. Set-On-Thompson, and—"

"Then you really belong—"

"I'm the editor of the wild animals department, but I haven't a thing to do with heart-to-heart talks, with whirled. But the editor and I almost had a little misunderstanding."

"About Mrs. Rorer's recipes?"

"Well, she did think that my department ought to include her. No. I soothed her by giving the real and original hare soup prescription. But my later trouble was more serious. You see, I wanted to write a story about a South African antelope, so I called it 'The Sprightly Bok.' Edward, the editor, thought it was a personal insult, and said it wasn't fair to spring such a title on him."

"I'm sure you must find it a nice quiet place. But you are writing another book, of course?"

"Just a sketch or two. At present I'm working on 'The Musings of a Mosquito.'"

"I suppose you'll bring out a swell—I mean a swollen edition, with tailpieces and little wings."

"Yes. The illustrations are so realistic that I can't keep from slapping them. It's a subject that spurs a writer on. I am thinking of having some musician compose a song to go with it—you remember the mosquito's gentle, dreamy whizz?"

"Then you can write a second sequel on 'Lunatics I Have Launched.'"

"That sounds very well. But I think I prefer to keep to animals. I know them rather well by this time, and they have complete confidence in me. Even the donkey seems to cherish a kind of fellow feeling."

"You must be very busy."

"Rather. I'm going for a prowl with a panther tomorrow, and to-morrow night I expect to spend in writing a few hundred words on woman's cruelty to the mouse. Now, there isn't any real harm in a mouse. If you'll only think of what a pretty color it—"

"Mr. Thompson-Seton-Ernest, I won't hear another word."

"But it's a lovely little creature—so soft to the touch and—"

"Er-r-rh! You awful man!"

"There you go! I never knew a woman who could be rational. Now, if you'll—"

But I was far away, following the trail of the Anthill Nag—J. G. in "Life."

Chimmie Fadden on Co-education.

"I OBSOIVES," says Whiskers, when dey all had deir second cup, and was loaded for chin-chin. "I observe dat President Harper of Chicago is going to jail if he don't let de women have co-education. Dat is rot. Women don't need no education, co nor con. President Harper is to de good. De we want our daughters meddling wit de p'ants, fussing wit chemistry, bluffing at biology—poking spy glasses into de ribs of pollywogs to see where deir legs is coming? No! Let women be content wit learning de tree Ds: Department, Dressing, and Dining."

"Hear, hear!" says Mr. Paul. "More billing and less biology; more cooing and less chemistry is what our women needs. Harper forever! Down wit de co-eds, up wit de stars! Give de boys a chance! Female competition is unfair. Hooray!" says he.

"Because you know no Western women you do not know what you are talking about; neither of you," says Miss Fannie. "In de West women really care for real education. I met a lovely Western woman, and her two daughters, once. De girls was to a co-ed, and just as hard at work getting a education, for fair, as any man ever was. If women care to get sauces of entertainment in deir heads instead of deir heels; if dey wants interests dat will keep 'em from being bored der whole lives long, dey has a right for a chance at de game."

"For Heaven's sake, daughter!" says Whiskers. "haven't women colleges enough of deir own, without butting into men's universities? filling up de class rooms so dat a boy can't find a seat except on some goil's skoit—which is no place to get a education!"

"Who's going to teach in de women's colleges, if women is not let to go to men's universities?" says Miss Fannie. "Women will soon give up all dis croize for athletics, and den if we don't know nothing else—which most of us don't—what on eart are we to do? If a woman isn't busy wit something harmless, she's likely to be busy at something dat isn't harmless. It does a goil less harm to know where a frog's legs come from, dan to know where dey go to—especial if soiled wit champagne after de theatre. She's sure to know one ting or de odder."

Some of Jules Verne's Predictions.

"I DO not think there will be any novels or romances, at all events in volume form, in fifty or a hundred years from now," said Jules Verne in a recent interview. "They will be supplanted altogether by the daily newspaper, which has already now taken such a grip of the lives of the progressive nations."

"But the romance?" questioned the interviewer. "The novel, the descriptive story, the story historic, and the story psychological?"

"They will all disappear," said M. Verne. "They are not necessary, and even now their merit and their interest are fast declining. As historic records, the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learned to color everyday events so well, that to read them will give posterity a truer picture than the historic or descriptive novel could do, and as for the novel psychological, that will soon cease to be, and will die of inanition in your own lifetime."

Here M. Jules Verne got excited. "I am second to no living man," he cried, "in my admiration of the greatest psychologist the world has ever known—Guy de Maupassant—and he, like all true geniuses, foresaw the trend of human ideas and needs, and wrote his stories in the smallest

possible compass. Each one of De Maupassant's soul studies is a concentrated lozenge of psychology. The De Maupassants who will delight the world in years to come will do so in the newspapers of the day, and not in volumes, and they will, as you newspaper men express it, crystallize the psychology of the world in which they live by 'writing up' the day-to-day events. The real psychology of life is in its news, and more truth—truth with a big T—can be gathered from the Police Court story, the railway accident, from the everyday doings of the crowd, and from the battles of the future, than can be obtained if an attempt is made to clothe the psychological moral in a garb of fiction."

"You mentioned battles. You do not think, then, that in the fulness of time all war must cease?"

"No; I do not think so. Nature will always sway the world, and it is man's nature to fight for supremacy, no matter how deadly the conflict may become."

Prophecy—the Simplest of Trades.

PROFESSOR TRIGGS of Chicago University, who lectured lately on the strange persistence of superstition among intelligent people, must have found his views as to the ineradicability of superstitious notions abundantly justified by the attention lately paid to the "evil omens" about King Edward. It is a curious thing that not only were these predictions repeated by cable from London, and therefore prominently published in all the newspapers in America, but they were passed from mouth to mouth among educated people as if they were quite remarkable. People always appear to forget, when such predictions are quoted, to make sure that they were ever really uttered as reported; and also to make sure, if they really were uttered, whether they are now repeated as they were originally put forth. They very easily take on a new twist that makes them singularly applicable. People also forget all the prophecies, made about great personages, which have never come to pass—which have never been anywhere near to coming to pass. These are ignored, passed by, and their failure counted against nobody, because there is no occasion to recall them. Prophecy is really one of the simplest trades in the world. It is said that there are only thirty-six original situations, or independent and distinct sequences of occurrence, known to fact or fiction. Whether or not this is true, it is true that life is vastly more simple than most people suppose. The professional prophets, who thrive in greater numbers nowadays than they ever thrived before, have only to keep the simple, elementary combinations of circumstance in mind, and assign them with a good regard to probability, to gain a great reputation for seership. It is very easy to be a prophet if one is never going to be called to account for all the things that never come true.



An Old Newspaperman's Visit.

It was the shade of the great Marquis. Not much of a "shade," either, with his 290 pounds of adipose and other tissue. Having lately won release from duties of State, and being an old-time journalist himself, this elephantine spirit had doubtless come so far, at such an hour, to gratify some curious whim, some odd liking for out-of-the-way corners and crannies of newspaperdom.

"You work late," he said.

"Sometimes, sir. As a newspaperman you perchance found it needful to do so upon occasion yourself."

"Yes," the great man answered. "When I eked out a living upon the frugal fruits of my pen, I sometimes burned the midnight oil. But, after all, that was a happy and care-free time, and those were easy burdens." And the shade sighed.

"I need not conceal, my lord," I began, after a rather awkward pause, "how lost I am to account for your honoring this humble room to-night by your presence. But perhaps your expression of regret for the days of your apprenticeship on the press-gang affords a clue to the mystery. Are you, then, so enamored of the smell of printers' ink that even now, after years of dazzling success in statesmanship and science, you would surreptitiously revisit the lowly haunts of that ambrosial perfume?"

"Young man," said his lordship, severely and coldly. "I trust you are not given to writing as you speak. That last sentence was worthy some flamboyant popular orator, but not a plain, unpretentious and direct-speaking journalist, as I trust you are or yet may become."

Another awkward silence, during which I felt too utterly "squelched" to trust my tongue. Meanwhile the great Marquis was "taking in" the room and its furnishings—possibly also myself.

Then he came nearer, and drawing a chair out from the table, sat down.

"One more piece of advice," he said, "while I am here. It is a piece of advice I give you, for all young writers—particularly for those who write for the public prints—and indeed it is for all young men in whatsoever calling. This piece of advice I have already given in one of my speeches, and I meant it in all seriousness, though people would insist on taking it for a flash of sardonic humor, in which I believe I am said to have sometimes indulged. The advice is this: Beware of the study of small maps. Do not confine your attention to your own county or province, nor yet to your own hemisphere, nor even to your own Empire, though it be scattered over all portions of the earth. Always remember, no matter what map may engage your attention, that there are other and bigger ones. Hang Mercator's projection before your eyes, figuratively if not actually, for a few moments daily. You will find it good for you. Occasionally go beyond that and get out a map of the solar system. You will find that good for you, too. And when you are in need of a still wider outlook, buy an astronomer's chart of the sidereal universe. A glance at it now and again helps to eradicate our little infirmities of vision. But remember that there are bigger maps than even that, yet to be traced, when man shall have the cunning and the courage."

His voice had risen in sonorousness and dignity till it seemed like the diapason of a majestic organ. Then I spoke. The shade of the statesman and philosopher was gone. Big Ben was tolling eleven as I locked the office door and started for home. But I reflected that the advice about maps was a worthy legacy from a great career, even had England's ex-Premier never uttered another striking phrase.

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Notice is hereby given that commencing Saturday, July 19th instant, and on all following Saturdays, the Chartered Banks and their Branches doing business in Toronto and in Toronto Junction will close at 12 o'clock noon. (By order.)

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. William James Kavanagh of New York left for Buffalo the early part of the week, where she will be the guest of her brother-in-law, Mr. Harry Kavanagh, Pennsylvania street.

Mrs. Thomas J. Kennedy of McCaul street left on Saturday for an extended visit to Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Hamilton Moore leaves Wednesday for Sandy Point, Lake Muskoka, to visit Miss Mabel Beddoe, the charming young Canadian contralto.

Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Ruby Reynolds have gone to Prince Edward Island for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Florence Sadd is spending a month at Ferndale, Muskoka, with Dr. and Mrs. A. Torrey of St. Joseph street.

Miss Daisy Smallpiece of Parkdale and Miss Winnie Holderness of Markham street have returned home from Penetang.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McDonald are holidaying on the Muskoka lakes.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Clark of Willcock street sailed on Thursday week for Liverpool to spend a few weeks abroad. They expect to return early in September.

Mrs. H. D. Arnold of Collingwood returned home this week, after spending a month in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and a tour of the upper lakes. Miss Allen and Miss B. Wilkinson of Minneapolis accompanied Mrs. Arnold home. Miss Gubbins and Miss Irene Brayley, Toronto, are also her guests.

The Pickwick Club held their first picnic of the season at Long Branch on Saturday, July 12th. Owing to the efforts of a most efficient committee, the afternoon was one of rare enjoyment. Games were very heartily participated in by all the Pickwickians, who were charmed to have with them on this occasion, if not the original Sam Weller, a gentleman bearing the same name. This gentleman possesses an apparently inexhaustible fund of joviality, and is well able to furnish as much amusement for the modern Pickwickians as did his illustrious namesake in the same length of time for the original club. Some of the others present were: M. Stewart, B.A., Dr. Mooring, Judge Cameron, Dr. J. Kirk, and E. Graham, D.D.S. The bountiful spread luncheon table, which was laid twice during the evening, at 6 p.m. and again at 9 p.m., bore strong testimony to the competency of the fairer portion of the club in the culinary art. The picnic was voted a great success, and the party separated after making arrangements for their next gathering, which will be held at Island Park, where a full attendance of the members is looked for.

Mrs. M. Kiely and child, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Pose, Miss Rose, Dr. MacCallum of Toronto, Miss Mabel Ireland of Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Mullin of Rossmore, Mrs. A. C. Town, Miss Elizabeth O'Hern of Buffalo, Mr. J. C. King of Uxbridge, Mrs. L. A. Russell, Miss Russell of Cleveland, are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Miss Purse of Orde street returns today from a pleasant visit to friends in Greater New York.

Miss Evelyn Graham left last week for "The Belvidere," Parry Sound.

A Muskoka (Gravenhurst) party which is enjoying a short outing more perhaps than any other on the cards just now is formed of a number of working girls who belong to that useful and successful organization, the St. Andrew's Institute. The young ladies of Dr. Armstrong Black's congregation are never weary of their interest in the Institute, and its "Girls' Own Club" is one of its most helpful branches. For this club the young ladies have rented quarters on Lake Muskoka, and tired working girls are enjoying every hour in the healthy quiet of that lovely region. Miss Jean King, Miss Helen McMurich and Miss Sophie Michie have devoted part of their summer to looking after the girls during their sojourn, and are gratified at the benefit and pleasure their proteges enjoy.

At the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, a progressive dinner was given by the management to the players who participated in the tournament on Saturday evening, July 12, at seven o'clock; the diners changed places between courses. The guests were the Misses Hague of Montreal, Fleishman of Buffalo, Weil of Cincinnati, Binkley of Cornell, Florsheim of Louisiana, Finley and Mary Finley of New York, and Summerhayes of Toronto, and Messrs. A. C. McMaster of Toronto, George, Beals C. and Irving C. Wright of Boston, Ralph Holt-erhoff of Cincinnati, E. Florsheim of Louisiana, E. P. Fischer of New York, C. A. Lindley of New York, and R. G. Hunt of California. The tennis tournament ended most pleasantly, and the prizes were opal and diamond pins for the men, a very handsome Bohemian glass perfume bottle in openwork case of silver for the ladies, a splendid oak and silver liquor stand of three bottles, and the challenge cup, a new one this year, for the champion lady, who is that queen of the tennis court, Miss Hague of Montreal, as jolly and good-natured a player as ever held a racket, and always ready with a word of praise and appreciation of her friends or her opponents' skill.

In speaking of the work accomplished by the aid of funds sent out to India from Canada for the famine sufferers, a resident philanthropist writes: "The improvement in the physical condition of these children is something marvelous. Of the 175 girls, only four have died, because they receive such careful nurture. Girls whose mothers never knew what a needle was have learned to sew so well that they are now teaching the younger girls. Every older girl has a younger girl to be her little sister, for whom she shall specially care, to see that she is tidy, prompt and obedient, and to look after her generally. Every girl gets some schooling. Some girls have done so well that in one year they have gone through the studies for

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which most girls require three years. The principal industry is rug-weaving. Some of the girls can already nearly earn their own support. I print this as encouraging to many friends who have generously given funds to Miss Caroline Macklem to carry on the work. Miss Macklem transmits funds direct to the homes and schools in India, and hopes to get in more subscriptions very soon.

Captain Bingham Alexander Turner, D.S.O., only son of the late Major-General Turner and Mrs. Turner, formerly Miss Gzowski, received his order of distinguished service as one of the coronation gifts of the King. It dates from June 20th, 1902, and was given for fearless and skilful leading in pursuit of the enemy on several occasions in the Tlo-melo district, South Africa. Captain Turner is an athletic young fellow, over six feet in height, and barely past his first quarter of a century, a worthy descendant of gallant and courtly sire and



grandsire, whose people have the utmost reason for their joyful pride in him. Mrs. Turner had a brief but happy visit with her hero, and found that war had done for him what so many mothers have remarked, set a seal of gravity and depth upon his young manhood. She very much enjoyed also her tour through a pleasant part of the scenes which are of so much interest to all of us, owing to the notable part our friends took in the late war.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Brown of Richmond Hill to Dr. Wilber Spaulding of Toronto was quietly solemnized in Elm street Methodist church on Thursday, 17th inst. Dr. and Mrs. Spaulding will spend three or four weeks in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Griffith of Montreal have removed to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald of Winnipeg are going abroad for a trip.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kent of Montreal are visiting friends in Toronto.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday, July 15th, at 10 a.m., at the Church of the Epiphany, when Miss Annie Carlisle and Mr. Richard Manser were married. The Rev. T. O'Meara, assisted by the Rev. A. L. Grogan, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was escorted to the altar by her brother-in-law, Mr.

Charles Johnston, wore a pretty gown of cream India silk, trimmed with medallions and lace, and a veil and orange blossoms. The bride bouquet was of bride roses. Miss Annie Manser, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, with Miss Ruth Johnston, niece of the bride, both being gowned in white organdie, and carrying bouquets of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Charles Johnston, nephew of the bride, Little Pearl Byrnell of Portage la Prairie, niece of the bride, was flower girl, and carried a pretty basket of flowers. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, maidenhair ferns, and Marguerites. Mr. Harry Brown was usher. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, where a very dainty wedding breakfast was served. A number of beautiful presents were received by the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Manser left by the two o'clock boat for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and other Eastern cities.

Judge and Mrs. Jones are at Judd-haven, Muskoka. Mrs. S. Alfred Jones and her little son are spending the summer at Adamsville, Georgian Bay district.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thomson have returned to the city, and are now settled in their new home, at 92 Hazelton avenue, but Mrs. Thomson will not receive until September.

Much sympathy is expressed for Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Boulbee in the loss of their little son Felix, who died rather suddenly on Wednesday.

Colonel C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., cousin and heir of the Marquis of Townshend, spent some days in Toronto this week. He is a veteran of three campaigns and has the D.S.O. for Omdurman. I am told he will spend some time in Canada.

Mrs. Will Rose of Lowther avenue and family and Mrs. Maffey have gone to Orillia for the summer, and will be the guests of Mrs. Henry Arens.

Mr. H. R. Tilley, formerly cashier of the Confederation Life Association, Toronto, but now of Jamaica, is at Bobcaygeon, enjoying a few days' fishing at the hub of the Kawartha lakes.

Miss Hall of Manning avenue is spending her summer vacation at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. W. R. Tilley and Mr. C. S. Blackman, both expert fishermen, are trying their prettiest to break the record in bass fishing. They are at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Williams of Markham street are spending a vacation at Atlantic City.

Mr. William Stone, Mr. J. Stone, Mr. W. F. Martin and Mr. A. R. Martin are among the many tourists at Bobcaygeon, Kawartha.

Mr. J. M. Armstrong, of the Dominion Bank, Montreal, is visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, 297 Carlton street.

Miss Lillie Ardagh of Wencesley street is visiting in Cobourg, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Staple, "Fairview."

Mrs. Fred Rose and her daughter are spending the summer at Atherley.

Miss Margaret Yellowlees is making a visit with friends in Madoc.

The sixty-foot naphtha yacht "Regina" successfully navigated the Lachine rapids on Tuesday. The yacht is owned by Mr. S. L. Clayton, a member of the

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and Mrs. T. A. Ranney and family; Miss Wilson of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kimmonth; Mr. Bryant Walker of Detroit; Mr. W. J. Stewart; Mr. R. F. Wilkes of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. John G. Williams; Mr. Frank and Mrs. Donald Williams of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood Brown; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hough; Mr. H. W. Anderson of Toronto; Messrs. D. and W. R. A. Newman of Detroit; Mr. George A. Morency of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schaperkott; Miss Dorothea C. Schaperkott; Miss E. Bryson; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hucks; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Green; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Young of Hamilton; Mr. Otto Mitzel of St. Louis; Miss Bessie Pryor of San Antonio; Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence of Cleveland; Miss Don; Miss I. Don; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dwight of Toronto; Mr. J. A. C. Grant; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Burdick of Dayton, Ohio; Mr. James Williamson; Mr. A. W. Barnard; Mr. and Mrs. James Burdell of Cincinnati; Mr. J. G. Brandt and son of St. Louis; Mr. F. W. Gates, Jr. of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Belknap; Miss Belknap; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Savers of Peterborough; Mr. E. M. Patterson of Belleville; Miss May Willett of Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. H. Trotter; Miss Louise Trotter; Mr. Edward H. Trotter of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Chapin; Miss Mary Martin; Miss Janet Chapin; Mr. and Mrs. L. Putnam of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Bray, Jr.; Miss Eleanor Matthews; Master T. J. Bray of Pittsburgh; Mr.

Rev. Mr. Patterson of Embro and Mrs. Patterson are at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls. Mrs. Patterson is convalescing slowly.

"Seranus" has written three charming verses upon "A Handful of Grain," suggested by the act of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who was observed while going over Bond's wheat farm in the North-West to gather and stow away in her reticule a "handful

of grain." The Canadian Arch was built of sheaves and devices of Canadian grain, and Seranus (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison of Rosedale) has coupled the act of the Princess and the idea of Canada's wealth of produce in the following beautiful lines:—

A HANDFUL OF GRAIN.
In the yellow, mellow days of Autumn,
In the golden, molten month October,
Opulent with purple grapes high clustered,

Rich with grain high gathered on the prairie,
Over all the mellow ways of Autumn,
Out across the stillness of the prairie,
Over all the golden globes of harvest,
Sang the earnest voices of the sunset.
Rang the mighty voices of the harvest.

To the guests who came so far to see it,
Speaking in their simple prairie fashion,
Saying from their hearts as honest people:
"It is good, O Princess, to have seen
It is pleasant, Prince, for us to meet you.
Pass between our golden waving arches,
All for you we made them of our prairie.
Look aloft at every shining wheat ear.
See the grain in mighty welded masses!
We can spare it, we shall never miss it;
Nought we want but men to come and
out it.

Nought we ask but wind and sun to
grow it,
Rain and wind and sun to feed and
warm it.

It is surely good for us to show you
Tower and trophy from the land of
prairie.
As the buried seed, so is our patience,
As the waving grain so is our courage.
As the boundless prairie is our ambition,
As the blue, untrodden prairie blossoms
Bloom our powers of faith and hope un-
shaken."

And the Princess, growing very thought-
ful,
And the Prince, beside her, thinking
deeply.
Thought of all the crowded, distant cities,
Thought of all the poverty and suf-
fering.
Viewed with kindling hearts the ample
acres,
All the grassy plains, the golden wheat
fields,
Saw the splendid Storehouse of the Em-
pire,
Looked upon the welded grain high
gathered,
Till their hearts within them burned
and melted.

Till their eyes were opened to a vision
Of the years to come, when all the
prairie
Shall be happy millions be invaded,
Happy—that they leave their crowded
cities,
Leave their distant poverty and suf-
fering.
Take the ground and till it, make it
fruitful,
Make it bear and blossom in the Autumn,
Under God—for homes and little children,
Under God—for Unity and Empire.

So the earnest people of the prairie,
Cheering in their honest western fashion,
Saw the Prince and Princess slowly leave
them,
Leave them for the rich and splendid
cities,
For the eastern ocean and the home-land;
But we know that ever in the future,
Will the West remain within their
memory.
Never can its promise be forgotten.
Never can its pledge be defeated;
Nought shall mar the solemn hymn of
harvest,
And the guests who came so far to
hear it.

Side by side with all their gifts of silver,
Gifts of gold and pansy-purple crystal,
Gifts of fur and feather, wood and
marble.
Equally will prize the hurried handful—
Ears of wheat high gathered on the
prairie—
Plucked among the shining fields of har-
vest.

In the distant country of the sunset,
In the yellow, mellow days of Autumn,
In the golden, molten month October,
Opulent with purple grapes high clustered,
Rich with grain high gathered on the
prairie,
Over all the mellow ways of Autumn,
Out across the stillness of the prairie,
Over all the golden globes of harvest,
Sang the earnest voices of the sunset.
Rang the mighty voices of the harvest.

Commodore and Mrs. Jarvis are sum-
mering at Center Island.
Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir have
removed from Tynndall avenue to Labur-
num and Jameson avenues. The family
are summering at Trenton.

Mrs. James Sinclair has returned
home after a three months' delightful
trip across the Continent and the Pacific
coast, and is on pension at the "New
Marlborough Hall," Jarvis street.

Mrs. George Cochrane, Miss Coch-
rane, of Los Angeles, California; Mrs.
R. Mara and son, Mr. Edwin Brad-
shaw, Miss Florence E. Bradshaw, Miss
May Graham, Miss Nora Starr of Tor-
onto; Mr. Willard D. Howe of Pitt-
ston, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Peacock,
Miss Wilson, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs.
G. E. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. St.
Leger, Mrs. S. B. McCall, of Toronto;
Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gorton, Miss
Cann, E. H. Carpenter and son, Mrs.
J. Campbell, of St. Catharines; Mr. C.
J. W. Lowe, Mr. Richard Coady, Rev.
James W. Pedley, Mr. G. E. Mara of
Toronto; Mr. William Francis of Lon-
don; Miss Lillie Walton, Miss Hilda
Walton, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Watson,
Mr. Harold Watson, Mr. Hugh Wat-
son, of Toronto; Miss Alice M. Steele,
Miss Annie J. Steele, Mrs. Charles New-
ton and son of - arkham; Mr.
Douglas J. Thom, Mr. H. George
Queen, Mr. A. C. Barker, Mr.
W. R. Webster of Toronto; Mr.
Sam Briggs of Hamilton; Mrs. Tovel,
of Toronto; Mrs. W. J. Thompson of
Fulton, N.Y.; Miss Mabel Gordon of
Hull, Que.; Mrs. S. J. Hunter of New
York; Miss Ruby L. Hunter, Miss K.
Myles, Mr. J. Morris, Mrs. A. Morris,
Miss L. Morris, Miss C. Morris,
Miss L. Morris, Miss C. Morris,
Master J. Morris, of Hamil-
ton; Mrs. J. J. Varrey, Mrs. M. A.
Christie, of Toronto; Mr. William
McGibbon, Mr. W. J. Welsh, of St.
Catharines; Mr. J. G. Wing of Berlin;
Mr. W. Buchner of Toronto; Mr. J. A.
Staebler and family of Berlin, Mrs.
Ashley P. Johnston of Asheville, Tenn.;
Mr. and Mrs. Rutley and family, Mr.
A. N. Sinclair and family, Mr. J. H.
Denton and family, Mrs. Scott and
family, of Toronto; Mr. J. C. Taylor and
family, Mr. Douglas Simpson and
family of Hamilton; Dr. O. H. Ziegler
and family, Mr. G. Gordon Mills and
family, Mr. K. K. K. and family, of Toronto;
Mr. and Mrs. Botterell of Ottawa; Rev.
R. W. Wright and family of Beamsville;
Mr. D. Urquhart, Mrs. Mara of Tor-
onto; Rev. W. L. Rutledge and family
of Woodstock; Mr. E. G. Gowing and
family of Ottawa; Mr. E. J. Bell and
family of Glanville Station; Mrs.
Schultz and daughters of Brantford;
Mrs. Manley Benson and daughters of
Brantford; Mrs. J. E. Miller and children
of Brantford; Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh and
family, Mr. W. H. Parr, Mr. W. N.
Shaver and family, of Toronto; Mr. W.
H. McCordick and family of St. Cathar-
ines; Mr. W. M. Evans and family,
Mrs. Dorland, Mr. G. H. Fitzsimmons
and family, Mrs. M. J. Faircloth, Misses
Faircloth, of Toronto; Miss Pentland
of Cleveland, Ohio; the Misses Sutherland
of Toronto; Mrs. C. W. Palmer, Miss
Palmer, of Detroit; Mr. J. C. Mundell
of Elora; Mr. and Mrs. A. Harrington
of Toronto; Mrs. Notman of St. Cathar-
ines; Mrs. D. Burnett and Miss Bur-
nett of Brantford; Mr. W. H. Irvine and

family of Toronto; Rev. W. McDonagh
of Stratford, are registered at Grimsby
Park.

Invaders of the Sanctum.

A UNITED STATES newspaper once
announced that a notorious thief,
well known locally, had been
lynched for horse-stealing. The man
called at the office, sound in mind and
limb, and demanded a withdrawal of the
unfounded statement. "We cannot re-
tract," said the editor; "we never do."
"But the 'Mail,' which published a simi-
lar report, has withdrawn it," said the
man. "That may be," replied the editor.
"The report appearing in the 'Mail' was
no doubt without foundation; but our
news is always true. However, we don't
mind saying in the next issue that the
rope broke, and that you escaped with a
slight contusion."

If a story told in journalistic circles
be well founded, a somewhat similar in-
cident occurred in London. One day a
gentleman called at the office of a well-
known newspaper and said to the editor,
a famous man in his time: "Sir, it is an-
nounced in your paper that I am dead."
"Well," replied the editor, "it is in our
paper it is correct." "It is not correct,"
for here I am alive," rejoined the other.
"Well, it can't be helped," said the edi-
tor. "But I expect you to contradict it,"
said the gentleman. "No, I cannot do
that," said the editor, "as we never con-
tradict anything that appears in our
paper. I will do the only thing I can
do to bring you to life again. To-mor-
row I will put you in the list of births."

Sometimes the editor gets the better
of these unpleasant intruders into his
sanctum. A friend of ours was seated
in his editorial chair in a Yorkshire
town, quietly snipping paragraphs from
contemporary journals, when in walked,
unannounced, a big, ferocious-looking
man with a heavy stick in his hand. "Is
the editor in?" he asked. The menacing
tone in which the question was put showed
that he had not come to make a friend-
ly call, to insert an advertisement, or to
pay a subscription to the journal. "No,
sir," replied the editor, with admirable
presence of mind—"he has just gone out.
Take a seat and read the paper; he will
return in a minute." Down sat the in-
dignant visitor, crossing his legs, with
his club between them, and commenced
reading a paper. In the meantime the
editor quietly vanished downstairs, and
at the landing he met another excited
man, with a cudgel in his hand, who also
asked if the editor was in. "Yes, sir,"
was the prompt response, "you will find
him seated upstairs, reading a news-
paper." The second visitor, on entering
the room, commenced a violent assault
upon the first, which was resisted with
equal ferocity. The fight was continued
till they both rolled to the foot of the
stairs and had cudgelled each other to
their hearts' content.

London's Pot-Boilers.

THERE are men in London to-day,
says an English paper, who, in
preference to starving, are glad
enough to turn out oil paintings at the
ridiculous remuneration of fourpence
each, for which work they find a steady
demand. The work, of course, has to be
executed with extreme dexterity, or the
artist would realize but a poor living,
but some smart men, aided by one or
two deft assistants, can complete from
200 to 300 of these "pictures" in a week,
though they have to toil early and late,
to accomplish their arduous task. When
a big order comes in for a gross of oil
paintings, to be finished within a speci-
fied period for a wholesale firm, the
method of work is usually as follows:

Along the walls of the apartment where
the artists' work are stretched so many
yards of canvas, which is marked into
lengths, according to the size of the pic-
tures ordered. Then the work is equally
divided among the artist and his col-
leagues, each man being responsible for
one part of every picture. One will paint
the trees, another the sky, a third will
put in a bit of sea or lake, and a fourth
will add a few figures to impart anima-
tion to the scene. Each man selects the
particular line in which he can do his
best and quickest work, and all labor
with a strict eye to time and business.
In one studio devoted to the fourpenny
oil paintings, there are half a dozen girls
who work eighty hours a week, and they
earn only from twelve to fifteen shillings
each. They work for a big wholesale
house on the Continent, and their special-
ity is the showy little landscape or
marine paintings so familiar to those
who patronize the itinerant auctioneer
or the cheap house furnisher. Incredible
though it may seem, there are some
sweating firms who expect the artist to
find his or her own canvas and colors,
and then to turn out oil paintings at
fourpence apiece! But the better class
dealers provide the materials or make
an allowance for the extra cost.

Simple Politics.

The following monologue of an old-
time colored voter, printed in the Atlan-
tic "Constitution," burlesques a state of
affairs that to a certain extent may have
existed in some parts of the South long
ago:

"Politics hez changed mightily in dis
country. Hit's all diffunt. De time wuz
when Marse Bill wud mek up his min'
dat he wanted a office, and he'd shoulder
his shotgun en walk right in de middle
er de crowd en say:
"Boys, dat's de office yander, ain't it?"
"Yes," dey'd say, "dat sho' is it!"
"Well, I'm done lected ter dat office,
ain't I?"
En dey'd all speak up ez one man,
"Co'se you is 'lected ter it! Go 'long in
dar en hang yo' hat up en shet de do!'"
What you stan'in' 'roun' heah fer, any-
how? Go 'long in whar you blongs!"

He Got the Promotion.

An incident in connection with Sir
John Macdonald, which has never ap-
peared in print, is related by Ottawa
"Events," which vouches for its truth.
The Prime Minister had gone into the
Kingston post-office to see his old friend
and supporter, then postmaster, Mr.
Robert Shannon. On coming out, the
caretaker, a man named Dunbar, stood
ready to open the outside door. Stop-
ping in the lobby just within, the Prime
minister put his hand on his forehead and
said to himself aloud:
"There's something I've forgotten."
"Yes, sir, you've forgotten to raise
my pay!"

Now Dunbar had been petitioning the
member and minister (for Sir John was
both) during several months for an in-

Mothers

The skin of infants causes half their dis-
comforts.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

cleanses, soothes and heals irritations, keeps
the pores open, and leaves a deliciously fresh
sensation to the little bodies.

—DON'T BE MISLED—By storekeepers, who
to make more profit, sometimes urge the pur-
chase of other soaps, instead of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

The quality and purity of this soap are such
that you cannot buy a better one for any
money, nor as good for the price of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.,
MONTREAL.

crease of pay, but without realizing his
desire. No one could better appreciate
the ready wit of the answer that flew
out on the heels of his own remark than
Sir John Macdonald, who, with a merry
twinkle in his eye, smiled and said:
"Dunbar, you shall get it."

A Vacation Full of Health, Rest and Enjoyment.

To plan a summer vacation that shall
bring the maximum of rest, health and
comfort with the minimum of expense
and discomfort is not always easy. For-
tunately, the opportunities for rest and
recreation within the reach of all are
becoming more numerous each year
through the energetic efforts of some of
the leading railway lines to make known
the attractiveness of places somewhat
remote from "the busy haunts of men."
There is no region in the world which
offers so many attractions to the vaca-
tionist who loves the untouched beauty
of nature as can be found in that ex-
tensive tract in Canada known as the
Muskoka Lakes District. This region,
including within its boundaries more
than eight hundred (800) lakes and riv-
ers, is situated in the northern part of
Ontario, east of Georgian Bay and north
of Lake Ontario. The point of embarca-
tion for the trip on the Muskoka Lakes
is one hundred and twelve miles from
Toronto, and is reached by the Grand
Trunk Railway.

The lakes in this vast region which
stand out in more prominence than the
others are the Muskoka Lakes, composed
of three bodies of beautiful, translucent
water, their names being Lake Musko-
ka, Lake Rosseau, and Lake Joseph, all
three being connected and giving a con-
tinuous steamboat route of more than
fifty miles. Being at an altitude of one
thousand feet above the sea-level, this
region is peculiarly suited by the purity
of the air to bring health and strength
to those whose physical and mental na-
tures have become exhausted through
too close application to indoor work.

Rates at the hotels are unprecedented-
ly low, and the accommodation excellent.
For full information address G. T.
Bell, General Passenger and Ticket
Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System,
Montreal, Canada.

Millinery and Dressmaking Removal.

Misses Armstrong & Anderson, high-
class milliners and dressmakers, have
removed from No. 41 to No. 58 King
street west, the old stand having been
purchased by the Bank of Nova Scotia.
The new store is located on the north
side of King street just west of the
"Mail" building.

Professor Robert Nelson, the cele-
brated singing teacher of St. Louis, U.S.A.,
will arrive in Toronto August 1.
Those desirous of studying the Lam-
perti method, as taught by the elder
Lamperti, will do well by calling upon
him. Mr. Nelson is endorsed by the
leading artists of the world. Address
Ashdown's Music Store, Toronto.

"Brother, don't you know if you swear
at those mules you won't get to Para-
dise?" "Yes, pawson; but if I don't
swear at them I won't get to the end of
the row, and that's the important thing
at present."—Philadelphia "Record."

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Morrison—At 24 Crescent road, the wife
of Charles E. Morrison, a daughter, Cary-
July 10, London, Mrs. G. M. Cary.
Ferguson—July 6, Toronto, Mrs. John A.
Ferguson, a daughter.
Johnston—July 10, Toronto, Mrs. Stracher
Johnston, a daughter.
Lalley—July 7, St. Catharines, Mrs. Fred
T. Lalley, a daughter.
May—July 13, Toronto, Mrs. J. A. May,
a daughter.
Charlesworth—July 14, Rat Portage, Mrs.
Lionel Charlesworth, a son.
Clark—July 14, Toronto, Mrs. H. A.
Clark, a son.
Reed—July 15, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur P.
Reed, a son.
Arthur—July 16, Collingwood, Mrs. (Dr.)
J. Robins Arthur, a son.
Wing—July 10, Toronto, Mrs. Horace
Wing, a son.

Marriages.

Spaulding—Brown—On Thursday, July
17th, in Elm Street Methodist Church,
by Rev. Dr. German, assisted by Rev.
Jos. Odery, Jessie, only daughter of
S. M. Brown, of Richmond Hill, to
Dorothy G. Spaulding, of Tor-
onto.
Taylor—Hutton—July 9, Toronto, Percy
Campbell Taylor to Mary Verona
Hutton.
McKenzie—Crawford—July 9, Toronto,
Thomas McKenzie to Maggie Craw-
ford.
Coultter—Kaiser—July 9, Toronto, June-
tion, Adam Coultter to Martha Kaiser.
Torrance—Rich—July 9, Agincourt, Wil-
liam Henry Torrance to Dora May
Rich.
Currie—Hawkins—July 9, Canton, Rev.
Harold Eugene Currie to Gertrude Win-
ton Hawkins.
Kitching—Lemmon—July 11, Toronto,
George R. Kitching to Annie M. Lem-
mon.
Maginn—Smith—July 9, Kincardine, Er-
nest Maginn to Ida Smith.
Peglar—Fletcher—June 11, Toronto,
Richard A. Peglar to Ida Fletcher.
Flynn—Newton—July 15, Toronto, Thomas
Owen Flynn to Helen Hilda Newton.
Blake—Cameron—July 10, Johannesburg,
S.A., Samuel Blake to Florence Cam-
eron.
Pearson—Dickson—July 15, Toronto, P.
Pearson to Margaret Dickson.
Hare—Rice—July 15, Oshawa, William
Alexander Hare to Ethel L. Rice.
Manser—Carlsle—July 15, Parkdale, Rich-
ard Manser to Annie Carlsle.

Deaths.

Francis—July 10, Toronto, Mrs. Jane
Francis, aged 83.
Kerr—July 10, Toronto, Adam A. Kerr,
aged 25.
Culver—July 3, Bloomsburg, Loder Cul-
ver, aged 77.
Shand—July 10, Toronto, John Shand,
aged 34.
McGivern—July 8, Hamilton, Mrs. W. F.
McGivern, aged 77.
Hughes—July 11, Toronto, Edwin Walter
Hughes, aged 15.
Mills—July 11, Box Grove, Mrs. Hannah
Mills, aged 71.
Ross—Toronto, Bertha Mabel Ross.
Hutton—July 11, Toronto, Mrs. W. D.
Hutton, aged 53.
Armstrong—July 13, Toronto, Mrs. Simon
Armstrong.
Luke—July 13, Oshawa, Mrs. Jane Mae
Luke, aged 71.
Rathbone—July 12, Toronto, Edith May
Rathbone, aged 11.
Smith—July 12, Ottawa, George Smith,
aged 58.
Barras—July 12, Toronto, George Barras,
aged 70.
Gullett—July 6, on S.S. "St. Paul," Fre-
deric Gullett, aged 53.
Rennie—July 14, Hamilton, Daniel Mc-
ville Rennie, aged 53.
Dempester—July 15, Toronto, John Dem-
pester, aged 75.
Banks—July 15, Toronto, Doris Banks,
aged 1 year 9 months.
Ellis—July 15, Toronto, Mrs. Eliza Ellis,
aged 79.
Heming—Cotherston, England, Robert
Heming.
Boulbee—Toronto, Felix Hannaford
Boulbee, aged 4.
Wooley—July 15, New York, Rev. C.
Wooley, aged 53.
Greenwood—July 15, Whitby, John Ham-
Greenwood, aged 73.

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